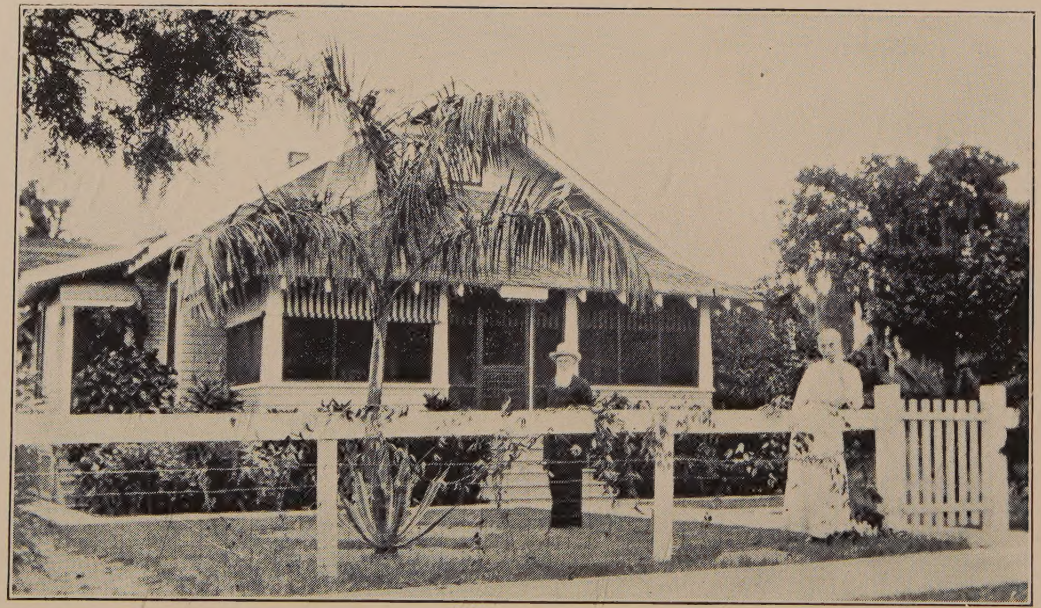
THE BOY and THE MAN

BY J. H. MOORE.



Dewdrop—Residence of the Author, Where "The Boy and the Man" Was Written

The Boy and the Man

The Story of a Greatly Handicapped Boy Working His Way Up to Active Manhood

By
Eld. J. H. Moore

Author of "Our Saturday Night" and "New Testament Doctrines," also Retired Office Editor of the Gospel Messenger

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PREFACE

A few years ago Bro. J. E. Miller, editor of *Our Young People,* asked me to write for his paper a number of articles (he said fifty) pertaining to some of my experiences, especially in the early part of life. He said he wanted something that would interest and help the average boy and girl. I declined saying so much about myself, but he insisted, time and again. Finally, I wrote a number of articles and sent them to him.

When preparing the matter I had no thought of writing the real story of my life. I intended to give only some of the more interesting incidents relating to my experiences. And yet, when the thing was done, it read very much like a biographical sketch. While it was not meant to assume that form, I just let it go at that.

The reception of the story, as it appeared in *Our Young People,* from week to week, was a surprise to me. Never before, during my long career as a writer and an editor, had I received so many compliments for what I had written. The letters came from those in every walk of life among our people. Hundreds urged that the story be brought out in book form. So, after touching up the story here and there, and enlarging it at many points, it now goes forth in this form.

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If the contents of this little volume should prove helpful to just one young person, who may have to face the hardships and privations that fell to my lot in early life, I shall feel that my efforts in bringing out the book have not been in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

February 12, 1923.

INTRODUCTION

When Elder Moore entered upon his editorial career I was just eleven years of age. For some reason he and my father became close friends, and because of this friendship he was often entertained in my father's home on the farm. While I was a little shy of the preachers—many of whom stopped with us on different occasions—for some reason I never felt that shyness when Elder Moore was the guest. My mother liked to cook for him and enjoyed his visits, and I have reason to believe that he found not a small amount of pleasure in eating her Pennsylvania Dutch dishes, for she was an expert in preparing dishes that would make even a sick man want to eat. She seemed anxious that Brother Moore should have the best on the dish, and if she thought he made a mistake in helping himself to her chicken, just as likely as not she would pick out a choice piece and place it on his plate for him.

For us boys in the country it was a great treat to listen to the conversation of a man who was an editor. Somehow we thought that editors were a superior class of beings, and that they knew everything.

When I first knew Elder Moore he was comparatively a young man. He was a preacher of a new type to many of us. Our country church had about

a half dozen ministers and we had preaching every two weeks. The services began at ten o'clock and ended when the ministers were through. Of course, it was not my piety that often led me to wish that the sermons might be shorter and fewer. Not that two weeks was too often to have meeting, but the one who opened meeting might speak as long as fifteen minutes before prayer. After that there yet remained the question as to who was to preach on that particular day. The ministers were all modest and none of them wished to crowd to the front, so that sometimes the congregation might sing a hymn while "the freedom" was passed down the line of ministers sitting behind the long table. But do not misunderstand me. We did have good sermons and those ministers preached the Gospel with power, but as a boy I did not always appreciate that fully.

And as to the number of sermons the rule was this: The first speaker took a text and discoursed longer or shorter upon the same. He was followed by a second speaker, who either continued the same line of thought or struck out in a new direction. That was not so bad as when the third speaker arose and repeated what the other two preachers had said. For a farmer boy with a good appetite and not too much piety, who was accustomed to his dinner at twelve o'clock, internal conditions were far from normal when he saw that it was already after twelve, the speaker still far from through, a drive of several miles home after church, behind a team that had worked in the field all week, and dinner to prepare

after mother got home. When I was a boy boys did not love long sermons any better than they do now. I know this, but often forget it when I am in the pulpit.

Now when Elder Moore came into our community he was not so old that he forgot what boys and girls like. He preached what we then called short sermons. That alone was enough to make him popular with the boys and girls. And the older folks liked him equally as well as we did. As I recall now his regular sermons were delivered in forty or forty-five minutes. Should another minister have spoken first and Elder Moore followed, he announced a hymn, said only a few words and closed the meeting. That suited me, even if the ministers said, "There is plenty of time."

I do not recall what the subjects were that he handled, but they were different from what the other ministers used as a rule. Even if he said the same thing he said it under another subject and in a different way. One Sunday he delivered a fine sermon. The next day my father and brother, returning from town, stopped to talk with the elder of our church, who was himself an eloquent preacher. He asked father how he liked Brother Moore's sermon. Father remarked that he was well pleased with it and that his boys (there were three of us) were always glad to be at church when Brother Moore preached. Then father asked him how he liked the sermon. The elder replied: "Well, what Brother Moore said was excellent, but it was not a sermon, it was a lecture."

Just what the difference is between a sermon and

a lecture may be hard to define at times, but if the following makes the distinction I think Elder Moore did lecture. A church in council happened to discuss the difference between a sermon and a lecture. Finally a young minister, well educated, was asked to distinguish between the two. Deliberately he arose and said, "When a man lectures he says something; when he preaches he may say something and again he may not." With these words he sat down and the discussion ceased. Elder Moore always told us something when he preached and he told it in a way that held the audience. He made his sermons stick.

A few years ago I asked him to write for the readers of *Our Young People* a number of striking stories concerning his unique life and experiences. He declined, but I did not take "No" for an answer. It was a long time before he consented to undertake the task. At last he sent me the finished product of his pen. When he began he seemed to have no thought of writing the story of his life, and yet, when all the stories were placed side by side, they had that appearance. You are now to have the pleasure of reading this story complete. It is the story of a poor boy, who came upon life's scenes most severely handicapped. In one ear he was, from childhood, totally deaf, and had a lifelong impediment in his speech. In early life he had few school privileges, and not being fully understood, got little help from his teachers. They did not understand how to interest a live-wire boy, who longed to do something worth while, but had no one to point to him the path that leads up to suc-

cess. He simply had to be his own path-finder. As the story is followed the reader will be impressed with the thought of an unseen hand, leading on step by step. His own modesty and good judgment caused him to feel that he should not write this story. My experience and acquaintance with him, and my conviction that the story of his life would prove both interesting and helpful to the readers of my paper, was why I wanted it. The recital created such a sensation that there immediately sprung up a demand for it in book form. The author was asked to enlarge the narrative at a few points, and to add some chapters, and now you are to have the story in this corrected and improved form.

J. E. MILLER,

Editor of *Our Young People.*

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THE BOY and THE MAN

BY J.H.MOORE.

My Start in Life

GENERALLY speaking, people get into this world about the same way, with different environment, however. My coming was on this wise: My father, David Crocket Moore, was born and grew to manhood in Rockingham County, Va. He was a well-built man, of more than ordinary strength, and possessed a good brain. His schooling was limited to reading, writing and arithmetic, and not so very much of either. In his early life he lived for a while with Elder Peter Nead, a writer and preacher of some ability, and from him received his first information regarding the faith and practice of the Church of the Brethren, of which body he and my mother later became members.

My mother, a native of Virginia, was raised and educated in town, and for her time was favored with a fair education. Leafing through her grammar, which she gave me, I noticed that the book had been pretty freely used. Her name was Sarah Will, but in her girlhood days she was known as Sally Will. She used to relate to her children, how one of her boy

friends, in the grammar class, would now and then tease her by saying, "I Sally Will love, you Sally Will love, he Sally Will loves." Mother was not only blessed with a strong body, but she had a splendid mind, and had she been favored with a college training might easily have made her mark in the world.

Father and mother were married in 1841, and five years later, April 8, 1846, I made my entrance into the world, being the second child in the family. My parents then lived in Salem, Va., not far from where Roanoke now stands. To start with, I was a frail child and suffered so much for more than a year that the family physician decided on the use of a remedy known as "Dead Shot," kill or cure. Weak as I was, I survived the shock, but the treatment left me entirely deaf in one ear and with a life-long impediment in my speech.

My father being a painter, as well as a carpenter, was much from home. In 1849 he painted the large, well-known residence erected by Elder B. F. Moomaw on his farm in Botetourt County. The house is now occupied by Elder S. Crumpacker, and in the well-preserved building may still be seen some of the painting that my father did more than seventy years ago. Though I was only four years old when I left for the West, I can recall a few of the incidents that occurred during my childhood life in Virginia. I mention only one.

My parents were from home for the day, leaving us children, three in number, in the care of Frank Will, mother's youngest brother, then not far from sixteen

years old. It was late in the fall and the hickory nuts were ripe. Near where we were then living stood a hickory nut tree. Boylike, up this tree went Frank in quest of nuts. A dead limb on which he rested his weight gave way, and down he came, breaking his leg as he struck the fence. It is related that I clapped

"The long string of covered wagons moved slowly up the winding road"

my hands in childish delight, thinking that Uncle Frank had made a big jump. I remember distinctly how men and women came running, placed Uncle Frank on a white sheet, and strong men bore him to the house.

Going West

In the summer of 1850 the western fever took a firm hold on my parents, as well as on others. Father sold what little property he had, procured two horses and fitted up a covered wagon for a long trip. Into this he loaded his family and the few household goods for which room could be found. Other parties fitted up wagons in like manner, nearly one dozen in all, and on a set day, probably near the middle of August, relatives and friends gathered for the last sad farewells. Many of them were to part never more to meet. There came the last tender embraces, and then amid tears and sobs, followed by hundreds of prayers, the long string of covered wagons moved slowly up the winding road, and, as they entered the hills, disappeared forever.

The trip was a long one, lasting six weeks. Counting children and all, there were not far from fifty souls in the company. Every evening the company went into camp. Meals were cooked and served by the roadside. Some of the people slept in their wagons; others in tents and some on the ground under their wagons. At no time in those pioneer days were the roads, at their best, anything to boast of, and such a trip was hard on men, women and beasts.

By and by Woodford County, Ill., was reached. To this part of the State, two years before, came James R. Gish and my uncle, Philip A. Moore, a young man who had served in the Mexican War.

On the Broad Prairie

Here we were on the broad, untamed prairies of central Illinois. As far as the eye could reach there were vast stretches of comparatively level land, covered with a heavy growth of grass, with only an occasional small belt of timber. The scene was grand, and, to a people who had been reared among the mountains, it was inspiring. Father bought a small piece of land, eighty acres, and on it erected a log house that he had purchased of some party in the woods a few miles away. The house had to be torn down in order to be moved. Into this single-room house, not over twenty feet square, father moved his family. Here began some of the experiences that naturally enter into the life of a boy on the frontier.

Our home was out on the broad, wild prairie. There were no fences. A team could be driven for miles in most any direction. A portion of the year wolves would howl around our house the whole night. Often, when father was away from home, mother would close the door to the chicken house as early in the evening as possible, get us children in, lock the door and permit no one to venture out until morning. A life of this sort was trying on a mother, left alone with her children.

Fighting Snakes

Early in the spring the snakes made their appearance, and in the way of numbers they excelled all other living creatures. One April morning, after the grass had been burnt off the prairie, and the warm sun shone out brightly, father, with a stick in hand, and accompanied by myself, took a walk over that part of the prairie near our home. We then had no Sunday-schools or meetings in our community. On this walk we had the time of our lives killing snakes. It seemed that every snake was out for a sun bath. Father disposed of the large ones, while I dispatched the smaller fellows. I often heard my father tell some of his neighbors that we killed one hundred snakes on that walk, and that it was not a very good morning for snakes either. Well, I got my hand in at fighting snakes and in this way developed an early disposition to master the forces opposing me. I was always ready to tackle the largest reptile that crossed my path. I became so venturesome that my father deemed it necessary to reprimand me for my recklessness. After all, fighting snakes was not such a bad training for a boy. It developed an element of skill, alertness, determination and heroism. A boy of six or seven years, on killing a snake five or six feet long, felt as proud over his achievement as Roosevelt ever felt after shooting a Rocky Mountain lion.

The county settled up rapidly, mainly by Virginians. Most of the people were well pleased with Illinois. But

some grew homesick, often consoling themselves by singing " Carry me back to old Virginia once more."

Two years passed and no religious services had yet been held in the community by the Brethren. My parents and three others were the only members of this church in the county. Finally arrangements were perfected for preaching. What a time my mother had getting her four children well enough dressed to take to meeting! I had an old wool hat that was as much at home in my pocket as on my head. This she washed, starched and ironed until it was as sleek and stiff as a laundered shirt. As for the starch, it made my Sunday-go-to-meeting hat look almost like a piece of brown and white marble. Everybody in all the regions round about went to that meeting. Several of them made the good confession and were baptized.

Later on a church was organized and men were called to the ministry. Among the number was James R. Gish. Then we had meetings. Finally a preacher named John Gish came upon the scene. He was six feet tall, possibly more, weighed about three hundred pounds, and in the pulpit was a genuine son of thunder. He had a voice like a lion, and yet it was full of melody. As a boy often thinks, he was my ideal of a preacher. I had not learned to care especially for what the preacher said, but I did like the noise, and the more noise he could make, the greater the preacher. In those days babies were not considered a discredit, and there were lots of them. On Sunday they were all brought to meeting. The strong voice of John Gish sometimes frightened some of the babies,

and the more the babies cried, the louder he preached. That struck me as heroic. As I viewed it, the preacher who could not make more noise than a few babies was not much of a preacher.

Fighting Fire

In the fall of the year, when the grass was dry, and sometimes in the spring, destructive fires, fanned by strong breezes, often swept across the extensive prairies. On one of these occasions in the spring, when mother was alone with the children, we saw a great cloud of smoke in the distance. The prairie was on fire, and the strong wind was rushing the fire in the direction of our home. Mother had had no experience with prairie fires, and to her the long line of fire, leaping at times high in the air, meant nothing short of destruction. The tall grass came almost up to our house, and it seemed that there was no way of saving the building and what little we had, to say nothing of our lives. Looking in the direction opposite the fire, two men were seen approaching our house as rapidly as their horses could carry them. In a little while they were on the spot, and, jumping from their foaming animals, asked mother if she had some fire in the stove, and if so, to bring a shovelful. Running to the side of the house, toward which the fire was sweeping, they threw the shovel of live coals into the grass, and then commenced with boards, beating out the part of the fire next to the house and letting the other part burn, so as to form a back-burn. Mother and the older children caught on to

the idea, new to all of us, and like heroes, struggling for life and the preservation of our home, we fought fire for all there was in us. Soon a good burn had been made around our premises, and when the great fire came up, it swept past and left our home unharmed. The way my mother thanked these strangers for the aid they had rendered must have done their souls good. When the danger was all over they rode away, and that is the last we ever saw of them. To me, this was a lesson in fighting prairie fires that I never forgot, and for me it served an excellent purpose later in life.

"'Yes, if you wish to stay in at recess'"

The Cherry Tree

I have already mentioned the misfortune that came into my childhood life when I lost the use of one ear. This defect placed me at a great disadvantage in life's race, and more than once made the situation decidedly embarrassing for me. The impediment in my speech seemed hopeless, and in the schoolroom I was always considered a dull boy. In the spelling class I had a standing reservation at the foot. In fact, I cared little for books. The outdoor life appealed to my boyish nature. As a sickly child I had a poor start in life, but in the course of a few years I outgrew this weakness in part, and while not so strong, still for fleetness on foot I was equal to any of the boys. But everything was ahead of me in the schoolroom. It looked as though I had more in my heels than I had in my head.

But my parents thought that I should attend school, hoping that it would do me at least a little good. However, my bad ear and my love for the athletics in life got me into trouble more than once. Our schoolhouse was located in a small cluster of trees, and near the house stood a few tall wild cherry trees. Most children like the gum that forms on these trees in the spring. Noticing a large ball of this gum up quite a distance on the tallest of the trees in the yard, I asked my teacher if I might climb up and get that gum, it being against the rule to climb trees. "Yes," she said, "if you wish to stay in at recess." Not hearing what she said about staying

in during recess, up this tree I went in a jiffy, and deep down in my heart I felt gratified for the kindness of my teacher.

But judge of my surprise on being notified at recess that I should remain in and study my lesson! It was then that the teacher repeated what she had said. I told her that I had failed to hear what she had said about being deprived of recess, and that I did not think it was treating a fellow fair for him to have to remain in under the circumstances. But she insisted on her rule being obeyed. As a boy, I never got away from the thought that my teacher fell short of giving me a square deal, and while I did not then forgive her, still there came a day when I traveled more than a hundred miles to preach her funeral. Of course I had forgiven her a dozen times, but I have never been quite able to forget the incident. George Washington had his cherry-tree experience and I had mine.

More School Experiences

This type of my school experience did not end with the cherry-tree incident. There was a creek near the schoolhouse, and for boys to wade in the creek was also against the decrees. But whoever heard of a live boy who could be kept out of a nearby stream? One day, at noon, it occurred to me that a little wade in the water would not harm me, and it certainly ought not to disturb my teacher. Well, however high a boy may succeed in rolling up his

trousers he finds water just a bit too deep for the exposed part of his legs. Sure enough, when the bell rang my trousers were wet enough to tell on me, and to enter the schoolroom in this condition meant something a good deal worse than staying in at recess. So I disappeared among the hazel brush that stood thick on the opposite side of the creek. A half hour later word was sent to my home saying, "John cannot be found." This hurried my mother to the scene in much excitement, and when I was finally brought to light everybody, along with my mother, seemed so delighted that I was made to feel more like the hero of the hour than a little sinner. But that evening, when I crawled into my little trundle bed, my mother turned back the cover, and the way she applied that hand of hers to the central zone of my anatomy, showed that my rescue was not all a matter of joy with her. The incident of the trundle bed terminated with the injunction: "Now, you stay out of that creek." For the time I probably gave my teacher, as well as my mother, a little less trouble, and yet I could not understand why creeks were ever made, if boys were to be denied the privilege of playing in them. I could see no other use for such small streams.

However, my experiences in early school life were not destined to be wholly one-sided. The opportune time came for me incidentally to fasten on to my teacher a joke that followed her all through life. Not far from my father's home lived a man known as Garman Gish. In this family I chanced to spend a

night. The next day the word "home" occurred in my spelling lesson. Pointing to it my teacher asked me what that word was. I told her I did not know. Then she had me spell it. This I did, h-o-m-e. "What does that spell?" she asked. Again I told her that I did not know. A bright idea struck her, and with a pleasant smile she said: "John, where did you stay last night?" "At Garman Gish's," came my quick response. How to spell "home" became a neighborhood joke, and was kept going long after my teacher became old and gray-headed.

Selling the Farm

Our home was about two miles from a long belt of fine timber, embracing probably one thousand acres, and known as Panther Creek. In this belt father owned five acres, and here we went for our wood, rails and fence posts. Many a day did I help father manipulate the crosscut saw. I could do little more than steady one end of the saw while father supplied the motive power. On these occasions, in the early part of the spring, when the frost had just left the ground, father would bore a half-inch hole into a sugar-maple tree, insert a spout made of elder and let the fine sugar water run into a bucket while we would go on about our sawing. Every hour or two we would fill up on sugar water, and now, as I look back over my boyhood life, I recall no incident affording more downright pleasure than helping father in the woods of Panther Creek and drinking sugar

"I could do little more than steady one end of the saw while father supplied the motive power"

water. Say what you will about David longing for a drink of the water from the well of Bethlehem, by the gate, but give to me the joy that came from drinking sugar water as it came fresh from the tree!

After a few years my father sold his prairie farm and moved into the woods, and then later on to the prairie again. All of this meant more experiences for me. But before leaving the farm, I distinctly recall the deal as it took place in our house. The purchaser, a well-to-do German, came, bringing with him a little bag of gold and a man authorized to execute deeds. The fifteen hundred dollars, the price of the

land, was carefully counted out in gold coins of twenty dollars each. There were three stacks, each containing twenty-five twenty-dollar gold pieces, and as the money stood on the table it made quite a showing. I watched every movement, and while the piles of gold made me open my eyes in wonder, still I was not old enough fully to understand what it all meant. In that day, among new settlers, this much money was considered a little fortune. Well, the German took away the deed, with mother's name also attached, and she received as a present a calico dress, for that was the custom in those pioneer days.

The Boy Sermon

While living in the woods, probably at the age of eight, I received my first lesson in New Testament prophecy. A mischievous boy, fully five years older than myself, went with me into the woods to gather plums. It was there that he repeated, in boy diction, what he had heard in a sermon by one of our Brethren. He went on to say that this world was getting old, and that some day it would be destroyed by fire. But before that great day, he continued, Christ is coming to the earth on the clouds of heaven, accompanied by many angels, and the bodies of all the good people will come alive from their graves. The living will be changed and made different, and we will then be permitted to live with Jesus a thousand years on the earth. There will be no devil during this time; everybody will be good. After that the wicked people will

be raised to life; then will follow awful times. All the people will be judged, the good passing into heaven and the sinful into punishment. "Then," said my boy friend, "the world will be destroyed, becoming so heated that everything will be melted."

I came from that plum patch in a great state of excitement. For weeks I could think of little else. For the time play lost its charm for me. I might have been placed at ease had I told my mother about the story. But this I did not do. I just continued thinking and wondering when these great events would begin. I tell this to show that there is a way of filling a boy's head with a story that never leaves him. I may have heard the same thing that my boy friend heard and then narrated to me, but what the preacher said did not take hold of my mind like the story as told by the boy in the plum patch.

Along about this time there came into my life an experience that would naturally stir the blood of a boy. The pioneer man is not always of the most desirable type, and for that reason there is more or less trouble in some localities among the first settlers. The history of the Panther Creek settlement does not show it to have been exempt from difficulties between neighbors. One time, at a sawmill, a man from the prairie approached my father in a quarrelsome spirit. While father remained seated on a log there was some vigorous talking, and finally the man from the prairie, with a strong handspike struck my father, aiming at his head, but father dodging, received the hard blow on his shoulder. Father never attempted

to strike back, a thing that he might easily have done with a similar short pole he had in his hands at the time, for, being a church member, he did not believe in fighting, even in self-defense. Some men rushing to the spot put an end to further trouble.

This led to a deal of revengeful feeling on my part, and a little later there came an occasion when I could give an expression to what I thought. One day, when I chanced to remark that I had a pimple on my tongue, my older sister, Margaret, said, "That is a sign that you have told a story." "Well," said I, "Mr. ———," mentioning the name of the man who had struck father, "must have a whole lot of them on his tongue." A stern look from my mother, and a vigorous reprimand gave me to understand that this was not the proper way for a boy to talk. Mother never permitted her children to make uncomplimentary remarks about any of the people of the community, however unbecoming their conduct.

Hunting and Cartooning

As I grew older, my parents did what they could to have me take more interest in my school studies. The teachers, while considered efficient for that day, did not understand how to make the schoolroom attractive for a boy of my type. I cared nothing for books. For me there were other things to think about. With the two dogs, Tige and Pen, I preferred to ramble over the prairies and fields. I would spend hours at a time hunting rats and gophers. I had

learned how to make traps out of cornstalks, and in the winter season I would trap prairie chickens. These were strung up in an outside shed to freeze, and then sold. In this way I made my first money. To a boy of eight and nine there was something about trapping large prairie chickens, sometimes catching two in a trap, that made the blood tingle. I saw nothing in schoolbooks, and knew nothing of school experiences to compare with the outdoor life.

As a side issue I got to cartooning, there being a disposition in me to restore the Egyptian hieroglyphic system of publishing the news of the community by means of pictures. My father had made a rather high wagon bed, which, when not in use, he kept on the woodpile at the roadside in front of the house. Appropriating a piece of his chalk I sketched on this wagon bed many of the scenes of the community. Sometimes I drew hunting and chasing scenes; now and then my own experiences with the dogs in search of small game. One evening my father left his scoop shovel at the woodpile. During the night it disappeared. My parents, as well as some others, thought they knew the man, who appropriated the shovel, he having a neighborhood reputation for doing things of that sort. There came into my mind a picture of this man, on horseback, carrying a large scoop shovel on his shoulder. I decided that as soon as it got light enough the next morning I would place my cartoon on the wagon bed. This, as I thought, would make a sensation. The thing was too good to keep until morning, and on my plans reaching the ears of my father,

he then and there put the veto on all my cartooning business. As a result of such home ruling, this creation of my boyhood brain never materialized.

Moving to Missouri

My parents had resided in Illinois six years, and, financially speaking, father was doing splendidly, making money right along. But mother's health was failing. The cold winters were too much for her, and for a year she was sick much of the time. The doctor lived twelve miles away, and even when she needed special medical attention he could see her only twice a week. We children soon learned to have great confidence in the family physician. We thought that if we became ill the doctor would know just how to make us well.

A change of climate was finally decided upon, so early in March, 1856, father having disposed of his property, we started for southwestern Missouri. At Secor, six miles south of where we lived, we boarded the cars for Peoria. There were then six children in the family. With the probable exception of father, this was our first experience on a railroad; and more than likely we all acted about like other people on their first railroad trip. To me this mode of traveling was interesting, and I fell to wondering, should the train chance to leave the track, how far it would run out into the fields before it could be brought to a stop.

At Peoria we took passage on a steamboat for St.

Louis, which point was reached the next afternoon. The streams were high, overflowing the banks in many places, and the Mississippi, below where the waters from the Illinois and Missouri Rivers entered the great stream, we found to be a wonderful expanse of water. It seemed miles to either shore.

The whole trip, on the boat, was a matter of deep concern for mother, for she had something else to think about besides the safety of her six children. The ordinary man from the country, in those days, did not have as much confidence in banks as we do now, and was slow about making use of drafts and checks. So before leaving home father had mother make for herself a strong belt, and into this, in small sections, she sewed several hundred dollars in gold. This belt, under her clothing, was made secure, and so remained day and night until the end of the journey was reached. Whether on land or on the water, she was constantly reminded of the values she carried on her person. It meant much to both father and mother

The one night that we must remain in St. Louis was spent in what was then called a tavern. Here I had my first hotel experience. Being placed in a room by myself I was told to blow out the candle when I got ready to crawl into bed. Well, I was in a strange city, among strangers, and the situation did not appeal to me in the least. I set up some kind of a demonstration that brought the hotel clerk to the door. I told him that I did not care to sleep in that room alone, and that he should take me to the room where father and mother were. The problem was solved

by throwing a heavy comforter on the floor for me, and there I put in as good a night's sleep as any boy needed. You see I had not journeyed enough to learn the ways of the traveling public. I got through with this my first experience in a hotel by being twitted a bit the next morning by some of the hotel people.

A run on the railroad finally brought us to Jefferson City, where we entered an old-time stage for a trip of nearly two hundred miles to the southwest. Into this conveyance my parents, their six children, and others, were crowded. It meant to travel day and night until our destination was reached. The roads were muddy and at places almost impassable. At the crack of the whip, out of the city, drawn by four horses, we went at a lively gait. About every twenty-five miles horses were changed, and a time or two we changed drivers. At midnight, the first night out, there was a sudden stop, with the stage stuck in the deep mud, and leaning far to one side. Orders were given for everybody to climb out in the mud—men, women and children. The night was dark, the mud deep and the weather chilly, making for all of us a disagreeable experience. We were directed to a plantation house near by, where the man of the house was aroused and told of the situation. He invited us into a large room, where there was a blazing fire in the fireplace. Stretched out on the floor, and in front of the fire, were about one dozen negro men sound asleep. They were aroused and room was made for all of us near the fire. This was our first observation of real slavery. Two of the men had been told to

yoke up some of the oxen and pull the stage out of the mud. This done, we continued on our night journey, probably none the worse on account of our unpleasant night experience.

On the Farm

To make a long story short, on we went through

"Here we lived"

Warsaw, then to Bolivar, and from there to the northern part of Cedar County, where father purchased a farm, on the east side of Springfield and Greenfield highway, and fully twenty miles from where a group of members lived near Stockton. Why father ever selected such an isolated location has always puzzled me. The farm consisted of eighty acres, at the edge of the timber. The house, about eighteen feet square, was built of logs. It had two doors, one window, and a large fireplace in one end. In this room my parents set up housekeeping. In two corners were beds, under each a trundle bed. A third corner was set apart as kitchen and the fourth corner fitted up for a living room. All the cooking had to be done in the fireplace. Near by stood a small log smokehouse, and further away a log stable. In the way of buildings, some improvements were made a few years later, and a cookstove was added to the outfit. We were more than one hundred miles from any railroad, in a hilly country, sparsely settled, having no church services of any sort, and of course no Sunday-schools.

Here we were to live, and here, as a lad of ten, I was to lay, or have laid for me, a part of the foundation leading up to a busy literary life. The outlook was anything but promising. But I was kept busy and in a general way, interested. My first task was to grub out fully one thousand persimmon sprouts that had sprung up on the farm. A little later I was plowing, and with an old-fashioned hoe I covered the corn one of my sisters had dropped. This led to plowing corn, and finally to binding the grain that was cut

with an old-style cradle. In fact, I was soon a full-fledged farmer boy. I even helped quarry the rock used in building stone fences. There were trees to fell, rails to split and fences to build. I was in all of it with ax and maul. The work was hard and the hours long, but I grew stronger.

We had plenty to eat, but there was little variety. A few cows supplied all the milk we could use. Wheat bread seldom appeared on our table. Corn bread was served at every meal, while mush and milk composed the principal dish for more than one-half of our suppers. Mother and the girls dried beans, corn, peaches, apples, wild plums and pumpkins. For further winter supplies we stored both Irish and sweet potatoes, and gathered hazelnuts, walnuts and large shell-bark hickory nuts. Then there was the barrel of genuine, old-style kraut. Occasionally a hog would be killed, and now and then a neighborhood beef was butchered and divided up. During the fall and winter months I trapped rabbits. When the dogs treed an opossum, that meant some good eating for the family and an ideal cap for a boy.

Do you say, "splendid variety"? Maybe the reader looks at it in that way, but it was certainly primitive. As compared with the way most people live these days, ours was a wild life. I was as proud of my well-made bow and arrows as was the average Indian boy.

Pioneer Living

As the months came and went we grew accus-

tomed to our primitive surroundings. We learned to raise and make nearly everything needed. Mother acquired the art of spinning, but the weaving we hired done. In this way cloth was procured for clothing. Father learned to mend and half-sole the shoes worn in the winter. None for the children were required during the summer months. Aside from a small amount of sugar and some coffee very little money was spent for groceries.

In the woods and on the prairies there was plenty of wild game. One day I counted sixteen deer as they walked across our field, not more than eight hundred feet from our house. Early, one morning, on opening the front door, we saw a deer making himself at home among the cattle not seventy-five yards away. In the woods were wild turkeys, coons and squirrels in abundance, with nobody even dreaming of game laws. We had no gun. Father was no man for a gun. With him hunting was a waste of time, and so we never bagged any of the game that might often have been shot almost from our door.

However, the hunting spirit was in me strong. I had two dogs, one large and the other small, Tiger and Pen, we called them. They were trained for hunting, but in the absence of a gun we were limited to small game. Sometimes at midnight father would waken me and tell me that Tiger and Pen had something treed out in the woods. They might be a half-mile away and in a still night their barking could be heard distinctly. I would dress quickly, throw an ax across my shoulder, and plunge into the woods,

going in the direction of the barking. As for night experience in the woods or anywhere else, I knew no fear. My ambition on such occasions was to find the dogs, and help them to capture the game.

The dogs and myself made a good working team. We understood one another, and the dogs understood each other. The larger dog, Tiger, could outrun Pen and could also outrun any rabbit that might be jumped, but if let alone a rabbit might dodge him and in this way escape. So when the two dogs started a rabbit, Tiger would circle around the rabbit, while Pen, doing his running on the inside of the circle, would secure the game. A performance of this sort would make any boy proud of his dogs. This was what I would now call dog strategy, and comes as the result of the way dogs reason. Some people say that dogs can neither reason nor plan. Well, to see Tiger and Pen take in a rabbit might to some seem like animal instinct, but it would have required a high type of thinking to plan any better.

During the week days there was plenty of work on the farm to keep a boy busy, and sometimes a little too busy to his liking. It is said that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." I would change that a bit and say that "all work on the farm and no recreation makes Jack a discontented boy." The most that people knew about boys, in the backwoods, was to feed, clothe, and keep them busy, if possible, and let them grow. So far as recreation was concerned, boys got plenty of that on Sunday. There was no meeting or Sunday-school to attend, so they naturally

took to the creeks and the woods, and put in a full day, swimming and knocking squirrels out of trees with stones. While this was a poor way of spending the Sabbath, still the swimming and throwing stones gave physical training that helped develop muscles and skill. It is marvelous what accuracy in the casting of stones was acquired by the average western boy.

Our Seat of Learning

On the approach of our first fall in the State we began thinking about school. While in Illinois I had learned to read, to write a bit, and to do some exceedingly defective spelling. The reading habit had not yet taken hold of me. Learning that a school would be opened in the woods two and a half miles away, arrangements were made for myself and an older sister to attend. We were told that while there were seats enough for the girls, the boys would have to furnish their own benches. With father's carpenter tools I spent a day or two making for myself what I then considered a very convenient seat. It was about two feet long, and had four legs, made by boring holes in a board and driving in rounded-out pins large enough and long enough for the purpose. Beneath the seat I made a shelf on which I could keep my books, slate and copy book. So on Monday morning, the first day of school, with my bench under one arm and a few books under the other, I started, accompanied by my sister Margaret, to find our way to a schoolhouse that I had not yet seen.

In due time the lone seat of learning was reached. The structure was a log house on a hill in the woods, with no other mark of civilization in sight. The house was made of unhewed or undressed logs and covered with ordinary clapboards held to their places by long, slender logs resting on them. There was one door and it was hung on wooden hinges, and as a mark of some advancement in architecture, opened inwardly. In one end of the room there was a large fireplace, while at the other end a log had been cut out at the proper height and the opening covered with a long board that could be let down on to pegs driven into the log below and made to serve as a writing desk for the pupils. The cracks between the logs were closed by being chinked and daubed with a clay and straw mixture. The floor was of puncheon, that is, sawmill slabs with the smooth side up. Pegs here and there afforded convenient places for the pupils to hang their wraps, if they had any, and the boys their hats. No window was in evidence. If the weather was pleasant the door was kept open and the long writing desk let down. On cold days the blaze in the fireplace and the slightly opened door afforded all the light needed.

When required the fire was kept replenished by wood which the larger boys took their turn in supplying. There were probably seven or eight boys to whom was assigned the task, each boy taking his week. At the noon hour a boy whose turn it was to furnish wood, instead of playing, would devote the time to gathering fuel from the woods. With ax

in hand he was at liberty to work up any dead or down timber to be found in reasonable distance of the house, and if he could not furnish enough wood by working at noons he had to devote his recesses to the task.

My books for the course of study for this, my first school year in Missouri, consisted of a blue-back speller, a reader of some sort, a copy book for writing, and an old arithmetic that my father had used when he was a boy. I had also a slate, and a pen made of a goose quill. With this outfit I buckled (?) down to lay the foundation for some degree of scholarship. Once or twice a day we stood up to spell. There was a reading lesson in the forenoon and one in the afternoon. Twice each day we went to the long writing desk, sat on a long, high bench and tried to imitate the line of writing that the teacher had written on the top line of our copy book. The pupils, having whatever arithmetic there happened to be in their homes, made up the arithmetic class, which was a problem for the teacher. Our business was to learn the addition, multiplication and division tables by heart and then to "do the sums" set down in the early part of the book. Grammar, geography and history were studies unheard of by the boys and girls who lived in log cabins.

The winter passed on and others came. The boys and girls grew in years and avoirdupois. All of us probably improved some, but not so with the school and the methods of teaching. What little was learned one winter was forgotten before the next. How-

ever, it was not all lost time. In a sense we were children of nature; we had to rub up against propositions as they came, and had to learn to do most of our thinking outside of the schoolroom. There are different ways of preparing boys and girls for the duties of life. Ours, while not widely recommended, was one of them.

Going to Mill

During the winter months we had other experiences besides that of walking five miles a day to attend school. We would cut down trees, and with the two horses drag them to the woodpile. The large parts would be cut or sawed for backlogs. These being too heavy to carry would be rolled into the house, across the floor, and into the fireplace. With plenty of smaller wood piled in front we would soon have a fine blazing fire for the evening. Around this fire we would gather after supper, and pop corn or crack nuts until we got our fill. As an evening lunch just before retiring this would not pass as strictly hygienic, especially for children, but at that time we knew nothing about the laws of health, and it was probably just as well. As children we had few books save possibly "Jack, the Giant Killer," and one or two others of the same type, which we had read until we knew them by heart. Father had a large family Bible and a copy of Nead's Theological Works. Mother had her hymn book, but aside from these, and a small Testament belonging to my sister Margaret, there was little or no reading matter in the family. Often

in the evening, while rocking and knitting, mother would propound riddles to the children. She could reel them off by the dozen and to unravel them was almost as good training for the young mind as a course of schooling in mathematics. After an evening spent in this manner there was some sound sleeping.

About every other week two sacks of corn on the ear would be carried into the house before dark. After supper father and the older children would gather around a washtub or two to shell a sack of corn to be taken to the mill the next day. We would all shell corn while mother would often propound her riddles for us children. By the time the corn was shelled there would be a tired and sleepy set of children. Early in the morning, Nance, a very gentle horse, would be made ready for a trip to the mill. The long sack, containing two bushels of shelled corn, would be thrown across her back by my father, the plan being to get the corn equally divided between the two ends of the sack, thus keeping the sack well balanced. Then with some corn bread, fat meat being placed between the slices, possibly a boiled egg or two in my coat pocket, along with a few letters to mail, and with orders for several things to be purchased at the store, I would lead Nance to a high block, from which I mounted, taking my place just behind the sack. I would be so situated that with either or both hands I could lay hold of the sack and keep it in its place. As I started mother would caution me to be careful. The girls would call to me to bring

them this, that or the other thing. And so I would ride away.

It was six miles to the mill—Howard's Mill it was called, a water mill on Sac River. The route was over the hills and through the woods. Some of the family would watch me for a half hour; then I would disappear beyond the hills. At one point I would pass the Lone Rock, a huge rock about sixteen feet square and fully twenty feet high. Further along I would pass under a great bluff, possibly seventy-five feet high, and nearly half a mile in length. In ages gone by huge rocks had broken loose all along the bluff and had been piled up at the foot, often one great stone being left on the top of another. Some of the stones were nearly as large as an ordinary house. I often wondered, as I rode along, if there was any likelihood of one of these great stones breaking loose and rolling down on me. One time, going through the woods with not a house in sight, my sack got the better of me and fell off. I was then about eleven years old. What to do was the problem for me. However, I succeeded in dragging the sack to a stump that was large and high. Up this stump the sack was rolled until I got it on the top. Then leading Nance alongside of the stump and close up I managed to work it on to her back. She seemed to understand the situation and braced herself, leaning toward the stump so as to make my task as easy as possible. Sensible horse she was. Say horses cannot think or reason! Some boys know better.

Finally the mill would be reached. The miller knew

"I was off for home"

every boy in all the region about. He came with a smile, calling me by name, and told me what time the grist would be ready—possibly two o'clock, sometimes not until four or even five. The intervening time could then be spent in any way I thought proper. About one o'clock, if Saturday, the man on horseback carrying the mail arrived. He passed that way twice a week. The postmaster, who also ran the little store, stopped business, opened the sack, and, as he sorted the mail, called out the name of every person to whom letters and packages were addressed. Everybody listened, and each one reached for his mail as the names were called. On such occasions I might take the mail for several families. Finally the hour for

my grist came. The little trading I had to do had been attended to, and I rode to the front of the mill. The kind miller brought out my sack of meal, placed it carefully in front of me, balancing the sack well, said a few encouraging words, and I was off for home, possibly with a few groceries and several letters and maybe a paper in my pocket. It may have been near sundown when some one in the family got the first glimpse of John and Nance coming over the distant hills. On such occasions we were met at the gate by the whole family. The dogs seeing me coming usually met me some distance up the road, and often barked and jumped up in front of Nance and so played their doggish pranks as slightly to impede progress. Father took off the sack of meal, while the mail and any groceries were passed to mother. Two or three of the children were helped to the back of Nance and she was then led to the well for a good drink of as fine water as may be found in all Southwest Missouri. Next Nance was put into her stall, given plenty of feed and then the story of the day, while seated at the supper table, had to be told. After supper mother would read the letters, sometimes by candlelight and sometimes by the light of the fireplace. All of us children would listen. We would then have something to think and talk about for weeks, for letters in those days were usually full of news, telling everything that had happened in the community from which they came. Papers were few and long between, but every word was read and the contents were discussed in the family and neighborhood.

After being in the State a year, two of my uncles, P. A. and Isaac Moore, with their families, came from Illinois and located near us. These, along with my parents, made six members of the Church of the Brethren in the community. This paved the way for preaching services in the neighborhood. The preaching was done by Elder William Gish, who lived more than twenty miles to the south. He was a fine man and a splendid talker. Few men understood the Scriptures better than he and a clearer reasoner in the pulpit was seldom found. He came to us once a month, and always on horseback. This gave all of us something better to think about and to talk about than neighborhood gossip. It put an end to my reckless way of spending at least one Sunday out of each month. No boy thought of doing the wrong thing in his presence. He proved an inspiration to me in life's race.

The Big Fire

In the fall of 1858 a great fire swept across the country, burning many of the farm fences and destroying fully one-half of the well-ripened corn standing in the fields. It burnt the blades, the husks and tops, and hundreds of acres were left with the bare ears hanging on stalks that had otherwise been stripped.

It was about noon on a windy day, when we saw great clouds of smoke in the west. By going out to the grave mound, more than one hundred feet high, just to the west, we could see the long line of fire coming across the prairie and headed for a group of

" I went across the prairie with more speed than the speed of the winds "

farms to the northwest of us. Judging from the course the fire was taking and the way the wind was blowing, it was evident that the fire would not likely reach our place before late in the evening. Besides there was a well-traveled road on the west of our farm, and in case of danger we could easily protect our place by back burning from the road.

So, mounting one of the horses, father went in a gallop northwest over a mile to Widow Irwin's farm residence. A little later I followed on Nance, riding bareback. I did not go as far as the Irwin place, but stopped at Uncle Philip's where all hands were fighting manfully to save a part of the cornfield, but the onward rush of the flames was too much for them, and so sole attention was turned to saving the buildings. Here men with blistered hands and faces fought the

devouring flames like heroes on the modern battle-field. Seeing that the fire could not be checked at Uncle Philip's farm, I knew that it would reach Mr. Fry's log cabin and blacksmith shop, nearly one mile east and right in the path of the worst part of the rushing flames. Remounting Nance I went across the prairie with more speed than the speed of the winds, my object being to outrun the fire, reach the Fry cabin and meet the oncoming flames by back burning.

I laid my plans as I went, and on reaching the cabin found the whole family, father, mother and the girls, two of them grown, in a state of fright and confusion, not knowing what to do to protect themselves and their property. Remembering how the strangers had saved our house in Woodford County, Illinois, I threw my bridle rein over a log projecting out from one corner of the house and called for a shovel of fire, matches being an unusual article for poor people. There was no fence around the house. I took the fire, threw it into the dry grass to the west of the house, called for shovel, spade, clapboards and wet sacks and put everybody to fighting the fire on the side next to the house, letting the other side back burn toward the approaching fire. Soon I had everyone who could handle a shovel or a board at work with a zeal. As a self-appointed leader I was in command of the whole affair, and in less than fifteen minutes we had a strip fifty feet wide burned around the premises, and then, feeling as people do when they have mastered the situation, watched the long line of blaze as it came rushing on.

c. 2

Our fire, as back burning, was moving out to meet the destructive force, and when they met, down went the enemy like so many soldiers on the battlefield when swept by Gatling guns. The fire to the right and left rushed past, jumped the road to the east, and continued its work of destruction. But the Fry cabin was safe, smiles having taken the place of terror and fright. Say what you may of the cheers of officers and men on the battlefield when they have put the enemy to flight, the feeling of a boy on an occasion of this sort stirs his soul to the limit.

The public road to the west of us and the shifting of the wind enabled us to keep the fire from reaching our place. In fact, ours was the only farm in the community that escaped serious damage. For this we were grateful, but were sorry for those who had lost not only their crops but their fences.

My Conversion

It is an ill wind that blows no good, and in a way this fire proved helpful to me. Father got contracts for the hauling of rails to refence some of the devastated farms. Instead of going to school during the winter months, I went with him into the woods and cleaned out roads, so that he, with his team, could get to the rails, as they were left stacked up, after being split. While he was gone with a load I would remain in the woods and clean up the way for getting to the rails for the next load. Of nights, during a part of the time, we attended the meetings that Elder James

R. Gish held in a log building that was used by Uncle Isaac Moore as a carpenter shop. Brother and Sister Gish traveled much, conducting services wherever they went. He did the preaching and Aunt Barbara, as everybody called his wife, led the songs, and she certainly was a good leader. How they ever happened to get into our isolated community I never learned, but it was just like them to hunt up groups of members in the out-of-the-way places and hold meetings for them. One evening he discoursed on memory, remarking: "Some people say that they cannot remember what is in the Bible after reading it. Their plea is a poor memory. But give these people a little yellow-back book," said he, "and they will read it through, then go to a neighbor's house and repeat the contents of the storybook from start to finish. This shows that they can remember what they read, if they are interested."

This struck me as good logic, and on my way home that evening I wondered if I had a good memory. On the mantel in our house was a small New Testament that belonged to my sister Margaret. The next morning, just before starting with my father to the timber, and when no one was looking, I slipped the little book into my coat pocket. All that day when I had leisure I read chapter after chapter, and by quitting time one-half of the book of Matthew had been read. The same plan was followed the next day and the days ensuing. I had never read any part of the Scripture before, and to me the story was intensely interesting. I wanted to read of evenings, but that would

have given the secret away and I knew that my sister would not let me carry her Book. But, missing the Book, she asked me on returning home one evening if I was not carrying her Testament in my pocket. I confessed, and the Book went back to its place on the mantel, slightly worn on account of rough usage in my pocket while in the woods.

Father and mother became interested in my desire to read the New Testament, and a few weeks later, when he had occasion to go to Stockton, the county seat of our county, he purchased for me a Testament that I could regard as my own, and read to my heart's content. If ever a boy enjoyed a book I did this one. It was all new to me, and for the first time in life I learned the story of Jesus, but was shocked when I read the account of his tragic death. I had heard chapters read and sermons preached, but somehow they did not especially interest me. Here I was, just completing my twelfth year, acquiring the first real information that had come to me regarding Christ and his labors upon the earth. This put me to thinking.

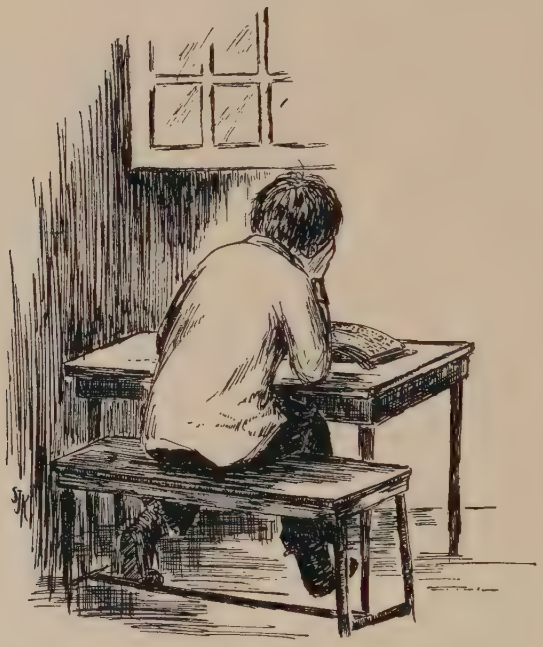
Regular monthly meetings were being held in our new schoolhouse, that stood on the prairie one and a half miles to the northwest. Every second Saturday evening of each month we would look for the coming of Elder William Gish—Uncle Billy we called him, and everybody loved him. He rode a horse named Baldy, and the two names, Uncle Billy and Baldy, soon became associated. Early in August I told my mother that the next time Billy came I was going to be baptized. The word was passed around, and two other

boys decided that they too would enter the church. As was then customary, the applicants were examined, the church rules laid before them and everything made ready. So after the close of the services, Sunday, Aug. 14, 1859, the congregation went to a place known as the "Round Hole," where the water, plunging over a high rock shelf, had scooped out a large basin in the rock below. Here, with the other two boys, I was buried with Christ in baptism, Brother Gish performing the rite. I was young, a few months past thirteen, and came from the water a babe in Christ to fight the battles of life, and to meet the temptations and trials that come to every boy in his struggles for the higher attainments in Christian manhood.

I did not at the time understand the full import of the Christian life, but I knew enough to begin. I realized that I must be a better boy than I had been, and that being a member of the church, more would be expected of me than of other boys. This thought was ever with me and had something to do in making a change in my life. At this early age I cannot say that I had any special aspirations, aside from owning a good farm and being in comfortable circumstances. It occurred to me that a little more head work, and not so much of the physical, would be the better policy.

My Big Book

Some months before my conversion there came my way something which, in a large measure, compensated for what I was denied in school privileges.



"Every spare moment was devoted to the big book"

A book agent called at our home. He was a well-dressed man of winning appearance and carried a large, handsomely-bound volume. He and father had a long talk about the book, and when he went away he left it. Of course, he carried with him some of father's money. The deal puzzled me a bit, for father was in the habit of turning a cold shoulder to agents of every class, and was more than ordinarily careful about spending money. A few days later I heard him tell mother that the book agent had pulled the wool over his eyes.

The book was in rather fine print, two columns to the page, and contained 750 pages, along with a number of illustrations, mainly in the forepart of the work. Now and then I looked at the book, but found nothing to interest me aside from the pictures. Father seemed to take no interest in it, though he had plenty of time to read on Sundays. He simply felt a bit sore over the deal.

One day I told father that I wished I could read something about Jerusalem. He said there was something in that big book about the city, and at once turned to the page for me. This I read with intense interest. Leafing through the book I found a lengthy write-up of the Revolutionary War. This was the first information that ever entered my head about the struggle for liberty. This account was read and reread. Next I came to the history of George Washington and others. By and by I noticed that the incidents and subjects treated were alphabetically arranged, and then it was that I realized what a gold mine in history I had at my convenience. Then I could read the history of any country or leading character crossing my mental path. Every spare moment was devoted to the big book, as we called it, and to me it was dealing out more general historical information than I could have picked up at any school in the State.

The book proved to be an Encyclopedia of History, Ancient and Modern, by F. A. Durivage, and was printed at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1857. The work would not measure up with books of like character published

fifty years later, but for a boy in the backwoods it was ideal. Along with the New Testament it made up the only library to which I had access for several years. There came a time in my life when I would have been only too glad to thank that lone book agent for pulling the wool over my father's eyes.

Seeing an Editor

There was another thing that put a deal of inspiration into my head. I had often wondered how books were printed. I was told that in the first place the type, one letter at a time, had to be set, and that it was a very tedious job. Beyond that I knew nothing about the making of books or papers. There came into the neighborhood a well-groomed man, who rode a pony that could outwalk, it was said, any horse on the road. The man was from "Arkansaw," as we called the State just to the south of us, and was known as an editor of a paper published in Arkansas. In his rounds he visited our family and talked to my parents, not realizing that there was a bit of undeveloped editorial timber in the quiet boy that listened to every word and watched every movement.

I studied the man with more interest than I had ever read a page in a book. It occurred to me that he was a real living editor, a man who had all knowledge at his command. I thought that he knew how to spell all the words, and knew just where to place each one to make nice reading. I further thought that he had to write everything in his paper, had to set

all the type, print the paper and then send it to the people to read. I liked the looks of his fine, smooth face, his keen eyes and dark hair. And as he had a high forehead I set him down as a "smart" man. I watched him as he walked, noticed how easily he sat in the saddle, and then felt a degree of satisfaction, for I had actually seen an editor and had heard him talk. Say what you may about the ordinary things of life, as a boy I got more out of this bit of experience than I could now realize from an interview with the most noted man of the day. It was here that I may have gotten into my system some of the seed that nearly a score of years later led to the buzzing of the editorial bee in my bonnet.

There were other experiences that seldom come to the average boy of this generation. My father carried on farming extensively. He purchased vacant log houses, moved them on to his farm, and in this way secured all the farm buildings needed. All of our grain had to be cut with the cradle, while considerable of the grain had to be beaten out with the old-fashioned flail. I have spent many a day riding the horses around and around on a bed of wheat in order to thrash out the grain. I had to turn my hand to practically all lines of work on the farm, from plowing the ground to marketing the grain.

Most of the fences were built of rails. Day after day have I gone into the woods, felled trees, cut off logs, eight and ten feet in length, and split them into rails. I soon learned the art of selecting trees that would split straight and easily. I thought that with

my ax I could mark the top end of a log, set my wedge at the right place, and by use of another wedge or two, and a good glut, open up a log as straight and as free from splinters as anyone. I probably took more pride in the rails I split than the average schoolboy takes in the commendable credits he receives for well-prepared lessons. Handling the maul may have been rather heavy work for a boy of my age, but swinging the ax did not tire me in the least. Probably I did not split as many rails as have been credited to our martyred President Lincoln, but for a boy I rather think that I split my share.

My dinner, which I carried with me, usually consisted of corn dodgers and a layer of fat bacon between the slices. Should the dogs chase a rabbit into a hollow log or tree, and it was cut or twisted out, the hams would be roasted for dinner. This was done by placing the meat on a wooden fork, and holding it before the fire until the roasting process was completed. Something of this sort helped to make a dinner in the woods most enjoyable. In the woods, along the deep ravines, there were plenty of springs and the drinking water was of the very best.

Work of this sort may not have resulted in any brain culture, and yet there was something about it that made a boy think, and gave to him a feeling of independence and self-reliance. He learned to think for himself, to depend upon himself and rely largely upon his own resources for strength and success. If he got into a tight place he employed his brains, his native ingenuity and his muscles in working his way

out. He may have had it tough at times, but in the end was there a gain.

Some Nice Biscuits

We all had plenty to eat, such as it was, but we grew wonderfully tired of corn bread. None of us had tasted wheat bread for a year. True, we raised some wheat, but it had to be sent away. Our mill could not turn out good flour. So in the late fall of 1860 father fitted up his two-horse wagon with a cover, threw in a little bedding, provided himself with a few simple cooking utensils, enough provisions to last some days, and started north to our closest railroad station, more than one hundred miles distant, for some flour and such groceries as were needed. For company he took me with him. Nights we camped, cooked some bacon in the frying pan and roasted potatoes in the hot ashes. In this way we had warm meals mornings and evenings.

We slept in the wagon, keeping a careful watch over the horses that were tied to the feed box in the rear. The country was in a state of excitement on account of the Kansas border warfare. Our route led us about forty miles to the east of the Kansas line, and traveling was more or less dangerous. While crossing the prairie, a short distance south of where Sedalia now stands, we saw hundreds of government soldiers on their march to Kansas to help settle the trouble that had grown out of the contest between the slave party and the free-soil party. These were

the first blue coats that I had yet seen, and with the reading that I had been doing the appearance of the marching men with their war equipment aroused considerable interest in my mind.

At that time the railroad had not reached Sedalia, a new place of only a few houses, so we did our trading at a point several miles to the east, where train accommodations had been established. Returning two or three days later we reached our home sometime after dark, and we were all a happy set, for mother said she was going to be up bright and early and have plenty of biscuits for breakfast, and sure enough she did. For a time we feasted on white bread, and the best pies, as we then thought, ever made. Some of the flour was intended for my two uncles, but farther than this mother told us children not to say a word to any of the neighbors. "For," said mother, "all of them will want to borrow enough to take up the most of what has been purchased, and they never can pay it back." That may have been a little selfish, but such were the conditions, and we children, depend upon it, kept the secret. By and by our flour was all gone, and the rest of the people were no less fortunate in this particular than we were.

War Times

But there was a sad day ahead for the whole family. In the end it was probably for the best, for me especially, but it was painful in the extreme. It came in the latter part of the summer of 1861. The

war between the North and the South had been going on a few months. A large Southern army had passed just to the north of us, on its way to Carthage, where it met Sigel and his forces. Still later came the five thousand well-armed troops under the command of Gen. Lyon. All business had stopped. The people of the community were divided in sentiment and mistrusted each other. We were out of money, and had but little on which to live aside from what we had raised. Father was sick, one of my sisters had typhoid fever, and the whole family was in mental distress. Word came that Gen. Lyon had been killed and his splendid army defeated. A few days later Confederate soldiers were everywhere.

One afternoon Uncle Philip and Uncle Isaac Moore were at our house and a consultation was held, with the children absent. After the two uncles had left I was told to grease the wagon, bring it up to the house and say not a word should a neighbor chance to call. Mother had whispered something to the two older girls, and all were busy in the house.

Near sundown I was told that the three families were going to start north that night. After dark Uncle Philip came, and the few things that could be crowded into the one wagon, so as not to make it too heavy pulling for the two horses, were hastily loaded. A bed was provided for my sick sister—we expecting to find it necessary to bury her somewhere along the road. The cover was placed on the wagon, a comfortable seat provided for father and mother, and the smaller children took their places as best they

could in the wagon. The doors of a well-furnished house had been locked, and late at night we drove away from what had been our home for five years, leaving behind us plenty of cattle and hogs in the large wooded pasture. We left several stacks of grain, much corn in the cribs and still more growing in the fields. Some of us walked while father, though weak, drove the team. The scene was a sad one and made the more painful because the move meant the losing of practically all our earthly possessions.

Having tarried at Uncle Philip's for the rest of the night, the next morning, with the two uncles and their families added, with a one-horse wagon for their use we proceeded on one of the saddest trips that I have ever experienced. And yet there was an element of joy about it. None of the party believed in war, though our sympathies were with the North. We were fleeing from the horrors of war, and if we could only reach Illinois, we thought, we might escape further molestation. My parents were willing to sacrifice all the hard earnings of years in order to secure safety for the family. Day after day for two weeks, in the hot month of August, we pursued our course. There not being room in the wagon for me I walked barefoot nearly the entire distance, my clothing consisting of pants, shirt, hat and a thin vest. The dust was so deep and hot that I often had to seek a path to one side of the road in order to protect my bare feet from the heated dust.

On we went, crossing the Missouri River at Boonville and the Mississippi at Hannibal. On reaching

Illinois we were all so elated that we felt like shouting; in fact, I did clap my hands and exclaim, "Goody, we are in Illinois!" In the southern part of Adams County my mother happened to have a brother, and to his home we directed our course. We were all in a sad plight to be ushered into the presence of neatly-attired and cultured kinsfolk. To them the sight must have been pathetic and a bit humiliating. My uncles continued their journey and finally reached Woodford County. Father had grown stronger and was able to be about. The sick sister passed the crisis on the trip and finally regained her health.

My parents leaving me with mother's brother went fifteen miles further, where they rented a house near Liberty, and in the community where scores of members of the Church of the Brethren lived. I was put to work cutting up corn to earn money enough to procure a pair of boots. I was weak from much exposure during my long walk and the work went hard with me. The soles of my feet had worn through and they began to get quite tender. At times my stomach was too weak to retain a meal even after I had eaten it. The situation was discouraging, but I worked on day after day, earning not much over one dollar a week. Finally the task was completed, and early one chilly morning, when the ground was covered with a heavy frost, I started out, barefoot, to make my way to where my parents lived. With the soles of my feet still sore, the ground cold, and my body thinly clad, I now recall this walk of fifteen miles as the most painful trip of my life. I am sure that the prodigal son, hungry and

"I now recall this walk of fifteen miles as the most painful trip of my life"

in rags, on entering his father's mansion, never felt greater joy in his soul than was the feeling that came to me when I reached the humble cottage of my parents on this occasion. That afternoon I had my measure taken for a pair of boots, that were to be

ready for me ten days later. It took practically all of the money I had made to pay for them.

In the Wolf Neighborhood

Winter was coming on. Times were hard and I had to continue working to earn money with which to buy some clothing. Part of the time I was in the woods chopping cordwood. I was handy with the axe but still weak. The family might have begged for some old clothing, but the mind revolted at the thought. Our notion of life was to work and earn our living. It never occurred to us that the world owed us a living and that we ought to have it, work or no work. We all worked, saved and scrimped. Scant clothing, a very limited supply of provisions, and a cold house in which to live made the winter one of suffering for us. There was no thought of school. All we thought of was to work and live. The baby sister, not more than six weeks old when we left Missouri, was too tender to stand the hardships, and while the innocent spirit passed to the realm of the blest, the frail body was laid away in the cold grave.

Spring was ushered in. The flowers bloomed, the trees put on their graceful attire, the landscapes were carpeted with the living green, the air was full of fragrance from the bloom of the apple, plum and peach trees; songs of birds filled the air. We were on a farm. The soil was turned. Crops were planted and the garden produced vegetables. Life began to seem more real. We had more to eat and could dress

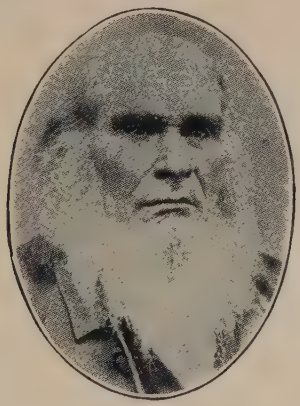
better. We were in the very midst of a prosperous and industrious set of people. We could attend church every Sunday. The congregation was a large one and the preacher entertaining, instructive and helpful. As compared with what we experienced the year before we were in a new world and felt more like ourselves.

Our house was a little over a quarter of a mile from the home of that saintly man, Elder George Wolf, who had located here over thirty years before. He had opened up a fine farm and built up a large congregation of intelligent and faithful Christians, nearly two hundred in number. He was then a little past eighty years old, but in his prime had been a marvelous man. He immigrated to Southern Illinois when it was yet a territory, and by taking the field against slavery helped to make the territory a free State. It is said that he did more than any other man in the State to keep slavery out of Illinois.

He was not an educated man, but nature had endowed him with a fine mind and made of him a great man. In the pulpit he was a marvel. There was no stronger preacher in all the region round about. So thoroughly did he impress the people with his greatness that they wanted to place him in nomination for governor. To this he would not consent, saying that his work was preaching the Gospel and that he could not afford to become the standard bearer in a political movement of any type. But when a county seal was needed for Union County, in which he first settled when he came to Illinois, his figure along with

that of another highly respected minister, was made a part of the seal. Now, the full length figure of Elder George Wolf appears upon every public document requiring the impression of the county seal.

It was my good fortune to spend many hours in the large room that he occupied, adjoining the residence of his son David, also a preacher of ability, and one who had served his State in the legislature. Elder Wolf was a fine-looking man, commanding in appearance—a born leader of men. His shoulders were broad; his head large; his brains seemed massive;



Elder Geo. Wolf

his eyes were keen, eyebrows arched, and his whole face bore the marks of greatness. He was the first really eminent man that I had chanced to meet in life, and to be with such a man, to hear him talk, and preach occasionally, was an inspiration forever to a

boy just merging into manhood. In all my relations with men I have never gotten away from the overshadowing influence of this marvelous preacher. The writing spirit had not yet come to me. If it had I might have spent some of my time committing to papers the story, as he could have related it, of a long pioneer and unique life. At times I have felt like censuring myself for being so thoughtless. It was a lost opportunity. But I was then only a boy.

These were stirring times for a boy having any ambition about him. The war between the North and the South was on in full blast, with uncertain results. I read all the war news I could get hold of and simply devoured the illustrated journals publishing pictures of battle-field scenes. I thought more about the war than about my religion and schoolbooks. As time wore on Sigel became my favorite general. I admired Grant and his military methods. I liked Sherman but disliked Fremont. Benjamin Butler amused me, but I regretted what seemed to me a weakness in McClellan, Meade and a few other eastern generals. I formed a fine opinion of General Lee and often wished that he had not taken the wrong side in the unfortunate struggle.

In the fall school opened. We had a good teacher and a fine set of pupils. I attended fairly regularly, and studied about as hard as the other boys and girls of my age, but somehow I did not make it go. Progress was slow. I was more at home in things relating to athletics. Two snowball teams were organized. I was chosen captain of one, and in this way became

kind of a leader among the boys. We drilled and fought our battles. This kind of sport appealed to me more than the schoolroom. Such conduct was hard on what little religion I had, but being prompt in attending the preaching services, and listening to the sermons from Sunday to Sunday, the fire on the altar of the heart was kept burning. The brethren were patient with me, and yet Elder Wolf had me come to his room while he gave me a real fatherly talk and admonished me against being carried away by the war and irreligious spirit of the day. The admonition put me to thinking.

Something Happened

But one day at recess something happened in school. I was just old enough to begin thinking about the girls. Then, being one of the leaders among the boys, I did not have a very humble opinion of myself. On showing a little attention to a girl, of whom I had formed a good opinion, I was in the presence of others deliberately humiliated. The cut was a keen one and it stung. I bit my lip and said not a word, but did a deal of hard thinking during the rest of the afternoon. I said to myself: "You belong to one of the best of families and I belong to one of the poorest, but the way is open for even a poor boy to give an account of himself, and from now on something will be doing." When school was dismissed I was the first boy out and headed for the community library, where a few hundred books were kept to be loaned to the patrons of the district.

That evening I returned home with several books under my arm, and of nights would read as late as my father would permit me to be out of bed. The first book read was the story of the famous exploration expedition of Clark and Lewis, 1803-1806, across the continent to the mouth of the Columbia River. My next was a graphic account of the adventures of Sir John Franklin in the Arctic regions, along with the story of the expeditions headed by Dr. Kane that went in search of the ill-fated party. These and other books concerning explorations in the Arctic regions aroused my interest to the utmost. I read everything I could get hold of on the subject and soon became familiar with what little was then known of the geography of the Frigid Zone. No line of study ever struck into me like this. It seems to have been ground into the very bones, and became so near a real part of me that all through life, regardless of other pressing duties, I have followed in my reading every expedition in search of the pole, down to the triumphant discovery made by Commander Peary. All of this clinched the reading habit, and paved the way for a further use of my big book which had been stored in the wagon when we drove away from our home in Missouri.

During the spring, summer and fall months I was kept busy in the fields, plowing, cultivating, harvesting and gathering corn. It was in the cornfield of Elder David Wolf that the scene was laid, that nearly twenty-four years later gave rise to my article in the *Gospel Messenger,* entitled, "Farmer John on the Down Row." I was venturesome and was well able

to get out of a tight place when I got into it, and sometimes trusted almost beyond wisdom. Here is an instance:

Word reached us that on a certain evening, after dark, a good aunt would reach the rail station, Coatsburg, nine miles to the north of us. Father told me to drive to the station with the two horses and big wagon and meet auntie. Fearing that the horses might become frightened at the train I tied up in a cluster of trees some distance from the depot. At nine the train stopped but no auntie made her appearance. I started for home. The night was as dark as they ever make them. I could not see the road—could not even see the horses. I simply gave the horses free reins and let them pick the way. The road was a dangerous one for night travel. At many points there were deep gullies at the side. Bridges without railings spanned the deep ravines. A little too far to the right or left at a score of places would have meant something serious. When about two miles from home I heard father's voice, coming from one side of the road, saying, "John, is that you?" It was near midnight when the last word of the story was told, and while the family was disappointed, still, considering the dangers attending the trip, they felt relieved. All is well that ends well.

Some Experiences

When my parents located in Adams County I was the only young member in the congregation. All of

my associates were outside of the church. Later my older sister, Margaret, applied for membership, and as per her request, was baptized by Elder George Wolf, who was then eighty-two years old. The venerable man in the water, administering the sacred rite to a young woman still in her teens, made the scene more than ordinarily impressive.

But as a preparation for my life's work I was to enter another course of training with different helps as well as different hindrances. My parents moved to another farm, this time fifteen miles from the church-house. No members lived near us. It was a good farming section, and our rented farm was in the edge of the timber. Not since leaving the prairies of Illinois had I seen so many snakes as I ran up against on this farm, and it seemed to be the very center of the bumblebee kingdom. When plowing I carried a twisted gunny sack in my hand with which to fight the bumblebees every time the plow turned up a nest of them; first a fight in self-defense and then a war of extermination, so I might continue plowing.

Some of the denominations had preaching in the neighborhood about once a month. Once in two months we drove to the Brethren meetinghouse. The rest of the Sundays, being without religious services of any sort, were spent about as boys and young men would naturally spend the Lord's Day in communities of that type. Now and then I would walk three miles to attend a preaching service in the little town of Payson. The conditions afforded just about enough of the spiritual element to keep the fire upon the altar

of the heart barely alive, and had it not been for the deep-rooted Christian sentiment in our home life the fire might have dropped to mere embers. My faith was weak, very weak, but an invisible Hand led me along a dim path in the direction of a goal, of which I then knew nothing.

While I kept up my reading, I gave more or less attention to a certain type of athletics. These consisted of foot-racing, jumping contests and other feats. I would show off by turning a clear somersault. My best single jump was eighteen feet, and sometimes I would jump sixteen feet and turn a somersault on the route. This was a rather dangerous feat for a country boy, and on one occasion, when not so successful in the attempted turn, I came to the ground square on my head. Then I said to myself, "What if I had broken my neck?" There were no baseball or football games, and what was a live boy to do but try to imitate some of the professional circus actors? Well, after thinking the matter over I decided to cut out the somersaults and keep my head up and my feet down where they belonged.

In the big harvest fields there came another line of training. Men and boys would bind grain from near sunup until sundown, never dreaming of such a thing as a ten or eight-hour day. Many a day have I bound grain while I was going barefoot. The stubbles may have been rather severe on the feet, but the experience made them tough and saved the kind of leather of which boots and shoes were made.

Walking the Log

My venturesome spirit had not left me. At times it led me into things that seemed almost rash. Our home was nearly a mile from the schoolhouse, with a deep ravine and a small creek between. Most of the year one could step across the creek, near the ford, but in case of a heavy rain the stream might become a raging torrent. One summer day, in the early part of the afternoon, the water came down almost in sheets for a full hour. As soon as the rain slacked a bit father and myself made our way to the creek, for the children, some of our own family, were at school on the other side. For the benefit of those wishing to cross when there was considerable water in the stream a large tree had been so cut that it fell across where the banks were high, forming a substantial foot log, reaching from bank to bank and fully ten feet from the bed of the creek. We found the water running over this log nearly an inch and still rising, and nearly a dozen frightened children on the other side. Divesting myself of everything save shirt and pants, I crossed over on the log, took one of the children on my back and brought it safe to our side. This was repeated until every child was rescued. Father, who was a good swimmer, stood on the bank ready to plunge into the raging torrent should anything happen. While not a thought of fear entered my mind during the performance of the reckless feat, I confess that when it was all over and I had time to think I felt just a little nervous.

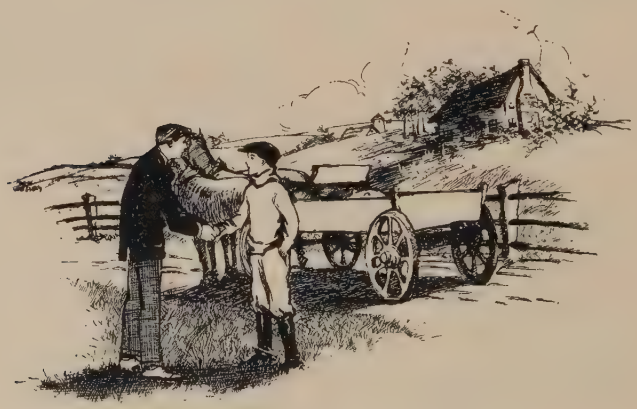
The public school which I attended a few months during the winter cut a very small figure in my early life. There were a number of evening exhibitions and entertainments, with programs rendered by the scholars. This appealed to me. I committed poems and readings to memory—an easy task for me—and was always ready when my name was called. I had one of Patrick Henry's celebrated orations, as well as a speech by Blackhawk, the Indian chief, at my command, and in spite of my severe impediment in speech I would put as much uncultured oratorical spirit into my part of the programs as though I was the leading star of the whole entertainment. Just such experience as this took out of me what little embarrassment I ever had when before the public.

In the latter part of one winter, when the whooping cough had kept me out of school until it was too late to start in with any of the classes, there came into the vicinity a writing master, who offered to give a course of twelve lessons in penmanship for one dollar. When the class was formed I was one of the number and was awarded the premium for the greatest improvement in writing. To help me out I wrote a very poor hand to begin with, and if ever a boy worked diligently to gain his point I did. I not only improved in my penmanship, but I got filled up with the spirit of writing and for months devoted every spare moment to my pen in writing and pen drawing. I rode as far as fifteen miles to take lessons from an accomplished penman. I purchased a book on penmanship and went to the limit of my little purse, and what my

environments would afford, to master the art, and as a result I acquired a creditable hand. But like most men who enter into the activities of a business life, there came a time when I certainly did degenerate in my handwriting. But the training I got from buckling the mind right down to a given object, and holding it there for hours, was worth more to me in after life than it ever cost in time and money.

The Copper Kettle

It was while living in this community that the copper kettle incident occurred, of which mention has been made in my book, "Our Saturday Night." The story may be worth telling here: In our orchard we had a lot of Rambo apples, which my parents wished to convert into apple butter, but after inquiry could learn of no copper kettle. At a meeting one Sunday



"'All right, he can have the kettle'"

in our schoolhouse, where Elder David Wolf preached, a neighbor told my father of a Pennsylvanian, living some distance away, who had a copper kettle. Early Monday morning with the two horses and big wagon I was started out in quest of that kettle. Finally I drove up to the well-improved little farm, that had been pointed out as the place where the man of Pennsylvania lived. Walking into the neatly-kept yard, I met a pleasant-looking gentleman, and asked if his name was Mr. ————. On answering me in the affirmative, I informed him of the purpose of my call, telling where I lived, promising to take good care of the kettle, and stating I would pay him for the use of it. He replied by saying that he had a large copper kettle, but would neither lend it nor hire it out. Feeling the disappointment keenly, I apologized as best I could for troubling him, at the same time telling him that while at the meeting the day before my father had been told that he had such a kettle, and that is the way we happened to know about it. He asked me where we attended meeting. I told him. Then he asked who preached. "Elder David Wolf," I replied. "To what church does he belong?" he eagerly inquired. "The Dunkard church," I responded. "Is your father a member of the Dunkard church?" he asked. I told him he was. "All right," says he, "he can have the kettle and is perfectly welcome to it. I used to know these people back in Pennsylvania where I came from, and they were honest and would take good care of things." I was soon on my way home with the kettle and had a most interesting story

to tell my parents. Several days later the kettle was returned, in prime condition, along with a good sample of the apple butter we had made.

The incident did all of us a lot of good. We felt proud of the reputation of the church of which we were the only members for miles around. All through life the thought of church members having the reputation of being honest, and doing the fair thing by others, has never left me.

The Educated Family

While still living near Payson I was a live wire among the young people of the community. I was busy at work six days out of the week, and, like others of my age, was here and there on Sunday. We always walked to the points we wished to reach. There was no thought of riding. With the young men I got along nicely. There was some quarreling, and even fighting, in the community, but I never got into a quarrel or a fight. I preferred diplomacy in place of physical contests. It was the better method, and enabled the fellow who kept cool to get things about as he wanted them in the end.

In the way of company and culture I met up with a condition that proved helpful to me all through my young manhood. There lived in the community a well-educated family, consisting of father, mother, four grown daughters and two younger children. In her earlier days the mother had been favored with considerable experience as a teacher in graded schools,

while the father rather boasted of his knowledge of grammar and polished English. The four girls were well educated, though I never knew one of them to attend their district school. Under the careful guidance of their mother they were taught at home, and when old enough were sent to high school. When properly prepared for the work they usually taught during the winter months and attended select schools in the summer. They were sensible, ladylike, intelligent, interesting and possessed a high type of womanhood. I got into the good graces of these girls, and spent many a Sunday hour with them, sometimes with one, and then with another. Our being together was not a matter of courtship, but friendship. Being thus much with girls of culture, education, and a high type of ideal womanhood, gave to me a training which,

When Eighteen

at this time of my life, was of more value to me, as a young man, than wealth. The whole experience was an incentive leading up to the higher ideals of life. Their training for the better class of society, their

association with this class of people when in town, or away at school, along with their familiarity with good literature, proved an inspiration to me. Our friendship continued as long as we remained in this part of the State, and now as I look back over life I am wondering how I would have fared had it not been for the elevating and purifying influence that came to me by associating with these girls. The picture on the preceding page shows me as I appeared at this period of my life. It was the first one I ever had taken. I was then eighteen years old.

Learning to Paint

But while enjoying these associations there came into my experience what was to prove the stepping-stone leading up to my real mission in life. In addition to being a farmer and a carpenter my father was also a good house painter, grainer and paper hanger. When time from his farm work would permit he painted houses and barns for the farmers. When I was a little past sixteen years of age he decided to take me with him and teach me to paint. I was delighted with the idea, and took to painting like a duck to water. I soon got on to handling the brush, laying on the paint properly, and with spliced ladders could easily climb to the highest part of any farm building. It was not long until I was mixing the colors and doing some of the graining in the less-used rooms of houses. I buckled down to the study of painting, and especially graining, as enthusiastically as I had studied

penmanship. In fact, part of the time I carried on both studies at once. Now and then, having an opportunity to go to Quincy, a distance of eighteen miles, I would walk the streets by the hour, studying the fine samples of graining displayed on the front doors. Into buildings that I was permitted to enter I went for no other purpose than to examine the graining of the best of painters, and then spent hours, sketching on paper the type of the work done. The outcome of all this was that in less than one year I was doing all of the oak graining for my father.

This occasionally involved me in some amusing "scrapes," as Lincoln one time said of what he got into by being elected president. We had a fine house to paint for a well-to-do farmer, who took pride in having things done up-to-date. Graining was all the go then for the best rooms, and so he wanted the best going. Father sent me ahead to prime the house and get the more important inside rooms ready for graining, it being father's part to grain the mahogany and maple while I would do the oak. It was all right with the old farmer as long as I had work enough on the outside of the house to keep me busy, but when he saw me at work on what were to be the best finished rooms in the house he grew nervous, and every day or two he would ask when the "old gentleman" was coming. He even suggested that I work on some of the other rooms until the arrival of father. In due time father came, and the old farmer took him to one side and tried to impress on his mind the necessity of giving the special work his personal atten-

tion. Father smiled a little and then told the farmer how we worked matters of that sort.

In Cass County

While other young men were attending high schools and colleges it fell to my lot to get my training by experience, mingling with the common people in different fields. So the time came for me to be transferred to another field, this time to Cass County, Illinois, where we found more hills to the square mile than I had ever seen in all of my shifting about. In many places there was not room for another hill, without placing one on top of two others. We imagined that it would be real enjoyable here, for a preacher of some ability lived in the community, and he was to preach every two weeks in the log schoolhouse near the rented farm on which we lived. But the preacher did not wear, and we were without religious services most of the time. As for the school, along with the log house, conditions were almost as primitive as those found in the woods of Missouri. I thought I would now settle down to the study of grammar. But I could get nothing out of it and my teacher could get nothing into me. About all I got out of a few months' effort was the athletics secured on the playground.

During our few years in the locality it was another case of farming and house painting—rather more painting than farming. And now, as I look back over these years, I see that some of the experiences

that came to me proved helpful all through life. While my associates (I being the only young church member of our denomination within a radius of fifty miles) were of an excellent type there were only here and there occurrences that proved an inspiration for further progress in my studies. Still I kept up my reading, and put into books what little money I could spare, picking up here and there all of the Brethren literature that I could get hold of. I even purchased the first and only English grammar ever prepared and published by a member of the church, Sister Clara A. Hass, one of the teachers who had assisted Brother James Quinter in his school at New Vienna, Clinton County, Ohio.

April 8, 1866, I was twenty years old. My father had told me that on that date I would be a free man, and entitled to my wages. I continued working with him, but received regular wages. This meant more money in my pocket, although I had to furnish my own clothing and pay other expenses. The new situation came to me so naturally that I hardly realized it. And yet I began to plan and work to certain ends. I followed house painting to make money, but my mind was on other things.

About this time something came near happening that might easily have changed the course of life for me. My father took the *Gospel Visitor* while I became interested in the *Christian Family Companion,* edited and published by Brother H. R. Holsinger in Pennsylvania. Brother Holsinger published a call for a young brother to learn the printer's trade in his

office. I answered the call at once, and he wrote me a very nice letter, stating terms, and said he would hold the place open for me. The terms were satisfactory enough, and the proposition appealed to me, but as my parents disliked the idea of my going so far from home I wrote the editor that he need not depend upon me. The turn that events took later on, in opening up a still greater work for me in the West shows that I made no mistake in deciding not to go East. It is comforting after years of experience for one to feel, deep down in his soul, that Providence has had something to do shaping life's events.

Studying Phrenology

It sometimes requires only a word or two to open up a new channel of thought for a young man. One Sunday I chanced to call at the home of a lady, who was a careful reader of the *Phrenological Journal.* Handing me a copy of the *Journal* she called my attention to a chart showing the faculties of the brain. This was my first introduction to phrenology. Borrowing a few copies of the paper I became so interested that I ordered a number of books on phrenology and kindred subjects, and soon found myself all wrapped up in the study of phrenology, physiology, anatomy and associated branches. I ordered books on self-culture, the cultivation of the memory, and hygienic living. I had struck something new, and while I plied the brush during the day, the nights were always too short for the sleep I needed and the amount of reading that I wanted to do.

Now and then, when I had a little leisure, I helped about the farm work. I would plow, toil in the harvest field or go into the timber and chop wood for family use. One day, while trimming up a tree that I had chopped down, the axe went into my foot and laid one of my great toes open. I got to the house as soon as I could, dressed the cut and found it to be an ugly one. The employment of a physician seldom occurred to us unless we thought some one was about to die. Among my paints I had a cup of varnish, so I took the brush, daubed the cut full of varnish, tied it up with a cloth saturated with varnish, hobbled into the house, dropped down onto the big rocking chair, rested my crippled foot on another chair, and told one of my sisters to hand me my New Testament. I thought that while my foot was getting well it would be a good time to read the Book through again. I next tackled "Winchester's Lectures on Prophecy." Here I was, studying the New Testament, a treatise on prophecy and the science of phrenology. So, after all, I lost nothing on account of my sore foot.

The cut in my foot having healed up nicely I was soon at work again, this time with my father painting some farm buildings near Virginia, a prosperous country town. One evening my father was waited on by two of the trustees of the Presbyterian church, for the purpose of having him paint the eighty-five-foot steeple of their church, the painters in town having refused to undertake the job. As my father avoided high things in temporal as well as in spiritual matters, he refused though the pay was good and sure.

Painting the Church Steeple

While I did not look upon myself as a "climbing jack," still I prided myself on being able to do a

That Eighty-five Foot Steeple

little climbing too, so after thinking the matter over I told my father that I felt inclined to tackle that steeple proposition myself. He said I could use my

pleasure about it. The next evening found me with the trustees. We talked the matter over, a bargain was struck, and a few days later I was on hand ready for business. I found a dozen well-meaning men with matured plans ready to hand out to the young country painter, telling him how to reach the top of that steeple. I listened to them patiently, but kept my own counsel. My plans were all worked out before reaching town, and all I had to do was to order my material and go to work.

With a long ladder I reached the roof, and from the base of the steeple began the erection of my scaffolding, continuing until the top was reached. Up this long ladder, barefoot too at that, I carried every piece of lumber needed. As I built the scafford I painted ahead of the work. When this coat was dry I added another, and when this was thoroughly dry I spread on the finishing coat after me as I removed the scaffolding.

While at work on the job I would hear all kinds of witty remarks. One day an Irishman, after viewing me awhile, called out at the top of his voice: "Be jabers, you better sta' up thar. You are jist as near heeven as you will iver git." When the work was finished I was the best-advertised painter in town and had little difficulty in securing all the work that I cared to do.

Meeting Vaniman

Shortly after this a very helpful incident crossed my path. Fifty miles to the south, in Macoupin

County, a number of Brethren were located, and among them, Daniel Vaniman, a man of fine business ability and considerably more literary attainments than was common among our people. He had been in the ministry only a short time, and some very favorable reports were reaching us about his preaching. It so happened that some of the Macoupin Brethren were keeping up a monthly appointment about twelve miles from where we lived. On Sunday morning father and myself rode horseback to the appointment, and Brother Vaniman, accompanying an older minister, was present. The older minister talked first, it being customary in those days when two ministers were present for both of them to talk. I paid little attention to what was said.

The forty minutes that the first speaker was on the floor I spent studying Brother Vaniman. He was then thirty-one years old, neatly dressed, sat erect, and in appearance was as fine a looking man as I had yet seen among the Brethren. I took notice of the shape of his head, his nose, his mouth, and was most favorably impressed with his keen eye. I sized him up as a man of culture and good education, possessing more than ordinary general information, and a thoroughgoing business man. You may say this was no way for a young man to employ his mind during a season of public worship. Granted, but when a fellow is all wrapped up in the study of phrenology, keep him from studying an unusually interesting head if you can, and especially when the sermon lacks in force.

Finally the time came for Vaniman to speak.

From the start every word rang out clear, and he spoke with a grace and a mark of intelligence that simply riveted me. His theme was the Divinity of Christ, the highest Specimen of manhood that had ever graced the earth. He quoted scripture after scripture, and as he proceeded he seemed never to hesitate for the exact word to convey his idea. Presently he recited from memory what Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, wrote about One called Christ. This was the first time I had ever heard about Josephus, and when I saw my friends, during the weeks following, I told them all about Vaniman's fifteen-minute talk. I could narrate the whole discourse, and repeat every word that he quoted from Josephus. I went from that meeting almost boiling over with inspiration, and saying to myself, "If that is what education and reading do for a man I am going to study all the more diligently." I never rested until I owned a copy of the writings of Josephus and had the pleasure of reading the book for myself. The time came in life when I was much associated with Brother Vaniman in various departments of his church work, and handled scores of his articles intended for the *Messenger,* but he passed from the scenes of earth to the great beyond without knowing how much real consecrated ambition his short talk put into the life of at least one young man.

The Debate

For the year there was another incident that cut an important figure in my life. Word came that, be-

ginning with Sept. 18, a debate would be held in Macoupin County with James Quinter representing the Brethren and L. B. Wilkes representing the Disciples. While there were three propositions, the leading one related to trine immersion. The distance from our home was fifty miles, and the place had to be reached by a ride across the county. Mounting one of father's horses I rode the entire distance in one day, and was on hand in time to hear Elder Quinter preach on Sunday, and then be ready for the debate the next morning.

For four days I listened to these two brilliant men, men of fine scholarship and broad reading, discuss trine immersion, the religious rite of feet-washing and the kiss of charity. I was more interested in the first proposition than in the other two, and yet I listened intently to everything that was said on both sides. As I then viewed the debate it was a battle of intellectual giants. Elder Wilkes was a trained debater, a scholar and a gentleman. Brother Quinter probably did not measure up to him in scholarship, and yet when it came to the amount of evidence at his disposal, his careful preparation, and his clear and forcible way of presenting his facts and arguments, he proved more than a match for his opponent.

I returned home thoroughly saturated with doctrinal points and arguments. I was always a little aggressive in maintaining and defending the faith and practice of the Brethren, but after taking in the discussion, and fully digesting the arguments presented, both pro and con, I felt that I was ready to give my

side of the doctrine a good showing whenever tackled. I spent hours going over the arguments with my parents and others, and cannot now recall any circumstance in life that proved more helpful as an early preparation for the preaching and writing that I have been called on to do pertaining to doctrinal questions. Brother Quinter impressed me most favorably. To me he was an ideal looking Christian gentleman. I was now ready for more books, for with me the doctrine of the New Testament was becoming an absorbing question.

Boots, Rats and Books

Quite frequently in the busy scenes of life one drops from the sublime to the ridiculous. A short time before starting to the Quinter and Wilkes debate, I arranged to assist a young man, a special friend of mine, a few weeks in cutting up corn, he having several contracts with men engaged in the stock business. Our work was several miles from home and we were boarded by the men by whom we were employed. On one farm we were assigned to a bed in a side building where we found the rats too plentiful and also too intimate for comfort or pleasure. In those days men wore boots instead of shoes, and usually kept them well greased. In the country we knew very little about shoe polish. The rat is known to relish well-greased leather, and it was a question what to do with our boots to keep the rats from gnawing at them while we slept. Finally it occurred to us to turn a boot upside down on each

bedpost. Four boots would be just enough to top out all the posts. That solved the problem, and while the rats may have annoyed the two sleeping young men they could not get at their boots.

A few of the winter months following were spent near the old Otto Creek church, Macoupin County, where my older sister and her husband lived. Instead of attending some good school, I spent most of my time reading. It was while here that I wrote my first article for the press, "No Cross, No Crown." It appeared in the *Gospel Visitor,* January issue, a year later. This was the beginning of my writing.

While in the neighborhood I spent considerable time with Elder Isham Gibson, a very close friend of Elder George Wolf. Though living one hundred miles apart they visited each other, practically every year for nearly thirty years. Elder Gibson knew much about the early history of his old comrade in the ministry, and it was from him that I learned many of the interesting stories that I have, from time to time, woven into the history of Elder George Wolf. He also told me many things about the early life of Elder D. B. Sturgis, that have appeared in the published sketches of his life and labors. In this way many interesting incidents found their way into print that otherwise never would have been preserved. Hence it would seem that the few months I spent in Macoupin County were not wholly in vain.

When spring opened up it was books and the paint brush with me. I was back in my old field in Cass County, taking jobs of painting from the farmers

wherever work could be found. I always carried books with me, and seldom went from home without a small New Testament in my pocket. As soon as my day's work was ended I went to my room and read until time to retire. This always pleased the women of

J. H. Moore at Twenty-one

the house and they saw to it that I had a good light. I boarded with the families for whom I worked, and usually was the only man among the workmen—car-

penters, masons and plasterers, in case of a new building—who neither chewed tobacco nor smoked. All this was much in my favor.

When it was learned that I was studying phrenology, along with other subjects, the young people of the community were often invited to the home. Then I would be called into the room where they were, introduced and requested to examine several heads for the entertainment of those present. For twenty minutes or more we would have a lively time of it, then excusing myself, I would return to my room.

If there was a religious meeting of any sort, within a reasonable distance, I would be sure to attend. Seldom having preaching of our own, I attended the services of other denominations, but during all such experiences I never lost sight of the Church of the Brethren. I had heard enough and read enough to feel that I was thoroughly indoctrinated, or, I might say, dyed in the wool. I had read "Nead's Theology," some tracts in defense of our principles, nearly everything that had appeared in the *Visitor, Companion,* and *Pilgrim* for a few years, and thought I knew something about the teachings and claims of the Brethren. And while mingling with all classes of people, believers and unbelievers, and attending different shades of gatherings, some of which should have been cut out, still I do not recall the time when I questioned the soundness of the fundamentals of the Church of the Brethren.

In the spring a community Sunday-school was organized in the new schoolhouse that had been built

near our home. This was the first Sunday-school that I ever attended and I was chosen teacher for the men's Bible class. The work was just to my liking, and I made it a rule never to fail to meet with my class, though there were times when I was far from home painting, and had to walk ten miles Sunday morning to reach the school.

The Big Dictionary

Later in the fall, in October, father and myself were painting the large farmhouse for a well-to-do and intelligent farmer. One evening he told us that he was going to Jacksonville—twenty miles distant—the next day and, if some additional paints were needed, we should make out the list and he would get them. Father had me make out the bill, and at the end of the list I wrote "One copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." Calling the gentleman's attention to the last item I told him to get the dictionary and take the cost, $12, out of my wages. When he returned the next evening with the dictionary, I was certainly in clover for a while. I read the preface, the life of Noah Webster, the author, and the brief history of the English language. The evening was too short for me, but as the months went by I began thinking that with Webster, a Bible dictionary, the encyclopedia, and a number of other books, I was getting myself equipped for study. My big dictionary was the curiosity of the neighborhood, it being the only copy in the community for miles around.

To show how a sentence or two may lead up to a great field of thought and research I relate this incident: A well educated German, who happened to be at our home one day, in speaking of those who claimed to have no German blood in them, said that the average man in this country, who says that he has no German blood in his veins must be either "a knave or a fool." This did not strike me as just right, so I asked him to explain what he meant. Then he told the story of the rise of the English race and the mixture of blood from Western Europe. This sent me to my encyclopedia, to the history of the Britons, the Gauls and all the countries and peoples composing Western Europe.

Another Move

But there was another move in store for me. I was now to reach my last training field, and there complete certain tasks before entering upon my life's work, up to which Providence was slowly directing the way. My father had purchased a farm eight miles east of Urbana, Champaign County, Illinois, and in this community I was to spend several exceedingly interesting years.

Near our home was a good country school and the school was to be taught by Salem Kettesman, who was highly recommended to me for his efficiency. I resolved to spend the winter in his school, and on the first day told him that my purpose was to put practically all my time on grammar. The class soon

proved too slow for me, and he told me to forge ahead and he would hear my lessons at recess. For the first time in life grammar opened right up to me, and in a little while he was devoting both recesses and the noon hour to my lessons. Inside of two months I went through the book twice and then took up the course intended for high schools and academies. Though I was a young man, past the age for common school studies, my teacher took a special interest in me and I made more than ordinary progress.

While thus engaged I read treatises on astronomy, geology, and kindred subjects. I procured books on logic and moral and mental philosophy and studied them in my room at home. I got my geography by reading history, magazines and papers, and looking up on the maps all the places about which I read. I attended all the spelling bees in the country and took an active part in every debating society in reach. The preaching services every two weeks were four miles distant, and I do not recall that a service was ever missed. And taking the winter as a whole it was the most successful one that I had so far in life enjoyed.

My progress in school for the winter greatly encouraged me, and I came near entering the high school that later led up to the present State University of Illinois. I even had a talk with the president of the institution about the propriety of taking the regular course. Had I carried out my plans I might, in a few years, have completed the college course. But the people of our community took little interest in ad-

vanced education. Some of the young men who went away to college and returned, seemed to think a little more highly of their attainments than was good for their reputation. This did not go down with most country people. College students were not as common as now, and it took only one or two indiscreet ones to arouse a feeling against high schools. This, however, was not the feeling of the town people, who were making great efforts to have the university located in Urbana. My father was urged to advise me against being carried away by the enthusiasm that had come over the town in the interest of education. With no encouragement whatever I was induced to give up the idea of attending high school.

Painting and Reading

So I took up the paint brush again, and worked quite steadily at the business. Every two weeks Brother John Barnhart, our only minister, preached. He was a good talker and also a good singer. I carried a small blank book and made notes of all his sermons. This proved excellent training for me. A Sunday-school was started and I was selected to teach the men's class. The work of course was to my liking and I was again in my element. The winter following my health failed me and I could not attend school or do anything else. I was cut off from my books for weeks. I did some traveling and that helped me.

By spring I was able to take my paint brush again,

and soon found my way into Urbana, where I had plenty of work. Each Sunday morning I walked four miles to meet my Sunday-school class and also to attend the preaching services. Early in the spring a heavy cold had settled on my lungs, and left me with a severe and painful cough. I felt sure that I was running into consumption, and having little confidence in the doctors, when it came to an ailment of that sort, I sent for a standard work on the cause and treatment of lung diseases, and started in to study my own case. In the work were the testimonies of a number of persons who had overcome the disease by natural methods. One was that of a lady, who each morning rubbed her chest with a coarse towel, applied cold water, gave herself another rubbing down, then dressed, and walked briskly a mile, while breathing deeply. It occurred to me that this was sensible, and every morning, before breakfast, found me taking the special treatment. At that time a long board walk connected the two cities, Urbana and Champaign, and I made use of the walk, passing over the ground now occupied by buildings of the State University. While not being permitted to enter the university, still I got a whole lot of good out of my tramps over the grounds, for inside of three months I was in my normal condition. The cold hand baths and the thorough rubbing have been kept up until the present date. I ascribe the general good health that I have enjoyed all through life to this habit. When living in the North it made little difference how cold it was, I had my cold-water hand bath.

My leaving the rural sections and taking up work in town was not exactly to the liking of the town painters. They called me the "country painter," and thought that I should limit my operations to the country where I more properly belonged. Still they treated me gentlemanly and we remained on good terms. Regarding our habits, there were some striking differences between us. I used no tobacco and never entered a saloon. This was more than could be said of the average town painter. Furthermore, when not at work they frequently appeared on the streets wearing their soiled paint clothing. I made it a rule, when my day's work was over, to clean up and appear on the streets as well dressed as other young men.

Should I happen to be out of work for a few days I would not lounge around on the streets. I remained in my room and put in the time reading, going down into the business part of the town during the noon hour and in the evening. My idea was to impress people with the thought that I always had work enough to keep me fully occupied, for I knew that it is the busy man who is called on when important jobs are to be let. Some may say that this was an attempt at deception. Well, it is not a bad kind of game for a young man to play.

My Call to the Ministry

Fairly early in the spring there came to me an experience that paved the way for my entering the min-

"We made the trip on Saturday afternoon, both on horseback"

istry. Elder John Barnhart had monthly appointments on the Sangamon River, twenty miles to the west. He asked me to accompany him on one of the trips, he furnishing the horse and saddle for me. We made the trip on Saturday afternoon, both on horseback. When about half the distance had been covered he addressed me about thus: "Now, Brother Moore, I will preach this evening and Sunday morning, but Sunday night I want you to give a talk on trine immersion." I told him that would never do, that I

was no preacher, and for me to occupy the time at a regular meeting would not be satisfactory to the members. But he insisted, saying that he would stand good for what might happen, so I finally consented and at the appointed time talked to a crowded house.

A month or more later, when the visit made its rounds, I was told that the matter of my preaching on the Sangamon would probably come up at the approaching council meeting, and sure enough it did. While the members deliberated I withdrew from the room. When called in I was told that the matter would be left until some of the elders could be present at the approaching feast, announced for Sept. 18. I afterwards learned, however, that during my absence one of the rather outspoken brethren asked Brother Barnhart, who presided at the meeting, if Brother Moore did actually preach. Brother Barnhart told him that he asked me to talk on trine immersion, and I did so. The brother continued, "Can he preach?" "He took up the full hour," said Barnhart. "Well," came the quick response, "if Brother Moore can preach I say let us put him at it." This unusual way of nominating a young man for the ministry in the open made quite a stir in the little band of members.

Well, Sept. 18 came. The point selected for the feast was six miles out in the country. I walked the distance, and was there on time. Along with the local membership several visiting elders and other members were present. The meeting was held in a large barn, and there was preaching in the forenoon. In the

middle of the afternoon the members were called together and consulted in regard to holding a choice for a minister. It was agreed to and the election entered into at once. A little later, at a service in the barn, my name was announced as the one chosen. I was then duly installed, and that put an end to the question that had come up about the talk I had given on the Sangamon. That night, wrapped in some sort of a spread, I slept on the hay in the barn, indicating that at least the beginning of my ministerial career was not to be one of luxury.

Sunday afternoon I walked to my boarding place in town. I found it necessary to make but few changes in my studies. For years I had a feeling that I would some day be called to the ministry, and decided to prepare myself as best I could and leave the rest with the Lord. Three weeks later, on Sunday morning, walking to the Blackberry schoolhouse from the home of my parents, where I had spent the night, I was the first one to arrive. The morning was frosty, so I built a fire in the stove, put the house in order and had comfortable conditions ready for the people as they filed in. Brother Barnhart conducted the devotional services, and then asked me to preach. That was the first intimation I had of being called on for the occasion. My subject was "The Harmony of Different Parts of the Great Commission." Getting the house ready for my first preaching service might well suggest that my ministerial path was not to be lined with flowery beds of ease. And so I have found it.

From that day to this, for more than fifty years, I have been preaching regularly. Brother Barnhart soon moved away and that left the bulk of the ministerial work for me to do, and much of the time, for nearly a year, I had to walk to my appointments, all of them being in the country. And during all these years I have never received a salary for my services as a minister.

In the Schoolroom

I enjoyed one more very helpful winter in school, with a well-educated and widely-read teacher. He was a high Mason and permitted me to read his lodge manual on condition that I would not give him away. Here I could study the signs, symbols and passwords of Masonry from a book not intended for one outside of the lodge. But the study of Masonry never made a Mason of me. My course of study took me into astronomy, logic and universal history. Along other lines, as I reached them, I kept up my reading as well as my preaching. After I received the call to the ministry I cut out my talks on phrenology, but one evening, for the benefit of the community, I gave a talk on astronomy, using the larger school blackboard on which to illustrate our solar system and the movements of the planets.

When spring came and the school closed I had a good saddle horse of my own, and so far as preaching was concerned became a regular circuit rider, covering a territory of thirty miles long and half as wide.

Meetings were held at three points. While preaching was my profession I continued to ply the brush for a living. As usual I continued my reading, always carrying my books and papers with me. While at the large brick church, near Cerro Gordo, sometime during the summer, I met Brother R. H. Miller for the first time, and listened to two of his sermons. He was then forty-five years old, had been preaching twelve years, and was at his best as a preacher. I had heard Brother Quinter, and while he impressed me as being more polished and more scholarly, I looked upon Brother Miller as the stronger man in the pulpit. I had now reached a point in life when I was permitted to meet with leading men and thinkers in the Brotherhood, and to have the privilege of listening to and conversing with writers and preachers like Elder R. H. Miller. This was quite a help.

I was now twenty-four years old and had never permanently left the roof of my parents. Their home had been mine. The time had come for a parting of ways. Father having sold his farm had decided to locate in Southwestern Missouri. I decided also to change locations and go with the family. I went to one of my appointments to preach for the last time. The members gathered around me and with a feeling that touched my heart, they expressed their regrets. I told them that I had no home and did not know what else to do. Different suggestions were made. Finally, one brother said, "Why not teach the Blackberry school for the winter, and in the spring something may turn up?" I had not thought of that. The

more I thought over the idea the more favorably it impressed me. The next day I saw the school trustees, and they offered me the school without hesitating a moment. I then rode to Urbana, called on the county superintendent of public instruction, and told him what I thought of doing if he felt disposed to issue me a

As a Preacher at Twenty-five

certificate. He asked me a few questions, turned to his desk, filled out a certificate, passed it under his seal and handed it to me. I left a dollar with him and went on about my further business.

Having been offered accommodation in the home of that good Christian man, John P. Baily, I moved my books to my room, and inside of a few weeks was doing what I could to train the minds of the coming generation in the particular seat of learning, located in the woods. So the winter was spent teaching, preaching and studying. While I had much experience as a teacher in the Sunday-school this work was all new to me. One day, about the middle of the week, a young woman, who had attended high school, came to the schoolroom and asked me if I could hear a class in natural philosophy. I had been doing considerable reading on most of the subjects which were then classed under the head of philosophy, but in the schoolroom I had never spent an hour studying natural philosophy. Must I back down, and tell the young lady that I could not give instruction in the science? That was not me. I backed down for nothing. Glancing at her book a few seconds, I told her that was all right, and I would begin hearing her lessons the coming Monday. At the first opportunity I went to town, purchased a copy of "Parker's Natural and Experimental Philosophy," and buckled down to hard study. For a few months there was a race between teacher and pupil, but the teacher managed to keep ahead.

My Marriage

But this school was to mark a real turning point in my life. When the school opened several young women were enrolled, and among the number Mary

and her sister. The former was the older, about eighteen, the embodiment of health, sincerity and goodness. I soon discovered that she was really in advance of me in a few of the studies. But I went on with my teaching, now and then leaving the school in her charge when I was called away to preach funerals. Then came into the neighborhood a preacher named Robert Edgecomb, who held a series of meetings for us. With him the Gospel rang out keen and clear. Great interest was aroused. Among the applicants for membership were Mary, her sister and their parents. They were duly baptized and became active workers. Having an opportunity to enter another line of work for the summer, I turned the school over to another teacher, who finished the term. Matters moved rapidly. The summer passed, and Dec. 28 John H. Moore and Mary S. Bishop became husband and wife. A little later, with R. H. Miller and other elders present, I was advanced to the second degree of the ministry.

We set up housekeeping in a log house, having one large room. There was a bed in one corner and my library and desk in another. The rest of the house might well have been called the kitchen and dining room combined. I now felt that we had a home of our own, and that my interest was in this home. When attending church Mary and I rode the same horse. Rather hard on the horse, but it answered our purpose for the time. For $20 I purchased a discarded topless buggy. This I painted, striped and polished until it looked like a new buggy just out of the shop.

With a good horse and a good buggy we both congratulated ourselves on our luck. We could attend all of the services together, and go when we pleased. But it was not all sunshine. The Illinois mud sometimes got so deep that the horse could not manage the buggy with both of us in it. With trousers tucked in the top of my boots I have walked many a mile, keeping on the grass near the fence as much as possible while the horse and wife kept the road. This was done without thinking that there was any particular hardship about it.

I had quite a variety of experiences preaching funerals and solemnizing marriages. I mention two of them in this chapter. One day a young man, accompanied by a young lady, came to our home with the necessary license for the purpose of being married. Wife was making apple butter that day, boiling the same in a large kettle on the stove. I was manipulating the stirrer at the time, and happened to be barefoot. Wife had the young people come into the room and be seated, we having but the one room. Wife took the stirrer while I examined the paper and solemnized the marriage. Then I took the stirrer while she extended congratulations. The stirrer changed hands again while I filled out the license, collected a fee of one dollar and sent the happy couple on their way rejoicing.

On another occasion I was sick all night and had planned to remain in bed during the day. Fairly early one of our best neighbors came into our room and said an old friend of his had died, a very popular man,

and the family wished me to conduct the funeral services. I told him that he could see that I was sick, and that in justice to myself I did not feel that I should leave home, the distance being seven miles to the place. He felt the disappointment keenly, saying that everybody for miles around, possibly 1,500 people, would be there. He suggested that if I could be made to rest comfortably in a wagon, and could be taken in that way, and would then talk to the people just a little while it would be satisfactory to the relatives and friends. I took in the situation and consented to do my best to comply with the wishes of the kind old neighbor. It pleased him very much. I made the trip in my buggy, and after resting in the house awhile was able for the task. Though pale and weak, I addressed one of the largest audiences that ever assembled in that community. I returned home and went to bed, but the conscience was clear. I had done what I could.

Writing Pamphlets and Tracts

The summer of 1872 was a busy one for me. I painted several houses, kept up my preaching appointments, and devoted all of my spare hours to writing my pamphlet, "Trine Immersion Traced to the Apostles." I would paint during the day and write of evenings. By Sept. 9 I had the manuscript completed, took it to Urbana, four miles away, made a contract with a publishing house to print 1,000 copies for about $100, and then went on about my painting. At stated even-

ings I would drive in, get a batch of proofs, and return them a few days later. Sept. 21 our first son, George Bishop, was born. I remained at home, caring for the mother, and looking after the proofs, while the compositors continued their work.

When the mother and child grew strong enough for me to leave them during the day I would push my painting. A few notices were sent to our church papers and orders came rapidly for pamphlets. While painting during the day I would fill orders for the pamphlets and attend to my correspondence of evenings. The 1,000 copies printed were soon disposed of, and Dec. 25 I contracted for a still larger edition; and this was followed by a third edition later on. Many a time would I give the farmer, for whom I was painting, a written order for my mail, when he went to town; then at the close of the day's work drive home, often several miles, and work far into the night attending to the business that the letters brought to me. A score or more editions of the pamphlet, but now in tract form, have been printed, and as a doctrinal tract it has been more widely distributed in this and other countries than any other publication among our people.

My success with this, my first pamphlet, paved the way for other pamphlets and several tracts. I moved a few times, but this did not materially interfere with my work. My office was usually a small temporary room about six feet by six feet in one corner of the living-room. The door opened into the larger room, and admitted the light. In this small apartment there

was room enough for a chair by the side of a broad shelf on which I did my writing. Pamphlets, books and papers were stacked on shelves all around me and up to the ceiling. Here in these cramped quarters I did some of my best work.

When the weather grew too cold to continue painting I did any kind of work that would bring a little money. One winter, while chopping cordwood, I wrote my "Perfect Plan of Salvation," and prepared my "Historical Chart of Baptism." While chopping wood during the day and writing of evenings did not line up so well together, still I plodded on, praying and hoping for a better day. My diary, which I kept in a brief way, mentions the receiving of as many as fifteen and twenty letters in one day. Money was running short, and my notes say that Feb. 15, 1874, I sold my horse for one hundred and forty-five dollars. This meant much walking. I was good on foot and a walk of six or more miles did not tire me in the least. Some months later I purchased another horse and that proved quite a help.

By the beginning of 1876 I was handling quite an assortment of Brethren literature. In the main my purpose was to build up a tract department for the Brotherhood, but I could not command money enough to make it a permanent success. As the winter days came and went I conceived the idea of writing a dialogue entitled "One Baptism." When the manuscript was half completed I saw my printers, made a contract with them to bring out the pamphlet, told them they could go ahead, placing the same in type while I

would prepare the rest of the manuscript, endeavoring to keep ahead of the compositors. It was a close race, but I came out a little ahead. In this pamphlet I set up a lot of doctors of divinity and conducted a lively discussion with them. I have always thought that this was the best pamphlet I ever wrote, but there were those who thought that I did not give the doctors a fair chance. While all this was going on, our son James came into the family, and that meant two boys instead of one.

I had been attending as many of our District and Annual Meetings as circumstances would permit. My first Annual Conference was the one at Meyersdale, Pa., in 1873. Here I set up probably the first tract office in the Brotherhood, and disposed of a number of pamphlets. My next Conference tract office was at Girard, Ill., the year following. In order that I might reach this meeting, one of the railroads issued for myself and wife free transportation. This was the beginning of like favors that have since exceeded 50,000 miles.

While in Champaign County I preached for a band of about fifty very earnest members. I assisted them what I could in erecting a house of worship. The services at this house, as well as at two other points, were well attended, and especially by the members. Among the number was an influential deacon by the name of George Dilling. He was regarded as the best farmer in the country and was as much noted for his honesty as for his enterprise and frugality. His fine standing in the community was very helpful to the

church and her interests. From him I received more practical hints than from any other man with whom I ever associated. Our church was also the home of Sister Mattie A. Lear, the most gifted writer and thinker among the sisters in the Brotherhood. At a service I often called on her to lead in prayer, and at this she was most proficient. At that time the sentiment of the church was strongly against women speaking in public, and for that reason we did not ask her to preach. Later in life she filled different pulpits and became noted for her knowledge of the Scriptures and her fine delivery. To associate with people of this type was a help to any young minister.

In addition to my tract work I did a good deal of writing for the Brethren papers, as well as for some other publications. I fell to looking beyond a tract department for my future work. The editorial bee began buzzing in my head. The Brotherhood was full of live issues. They had come to the front in our Conferences as well as in our church papers. The denominational papers were fairly bristling with strong doctrinal pleas. Debates were common, and popular as well. Moody, in the interest of greater unity and a higher plane of spirituality, had come upon the scene and was stirring the people from one end of the land to the other. I felt that I wanted to be right in the swim with voice and pen, but especially the pen. As I then looked at it the church paper must be my medium. I went so far as to have the printers in Champaign City make estimates on the cost of printing a weekly, to be published and edited by myself.

But I did not have the money even to start the enterprise, to say nothing about financing it. For years I had been preaching nearly every Sunday, and sometimes twice, wholly at my own expense. I had to devote so much time to preaching funerals that it greatly interfered with my work as a house painter, and no one ever thought of handing the preacher even one dollar for conducting a funeral service. As for marriages, I made a small charge, not over two dollars, and in that way got a little money. Eight years before I had allowed my name to appear on a note as security, and that arose in my face. It looked as though I might be swamped. But in spite of all this I pushed ahead with my writing and preaching and the editorial bee kept on buzzing.

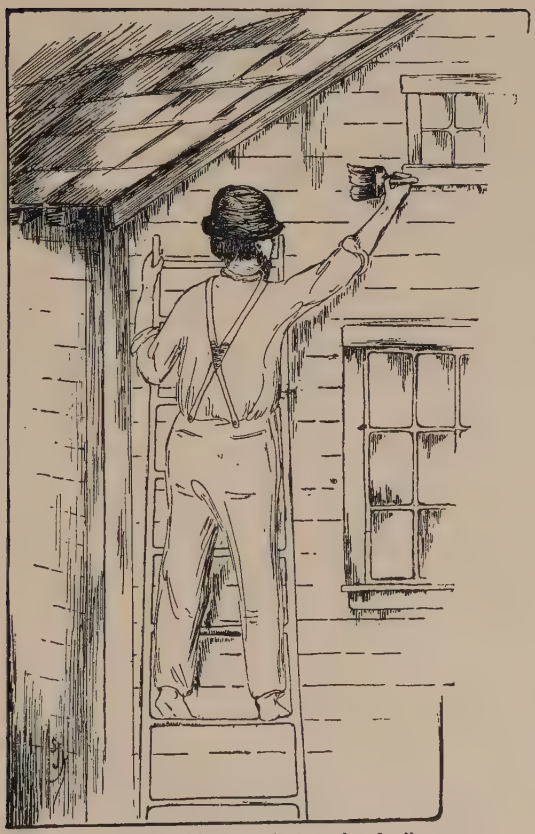
In Northern Illinois

In the midst of all this, the early part of March, 1876, Brother M. M. Eshelman, of Lanark, Illinois, came to see me. He, too, had been doing much writing for our papers and had published a few pamphlets and a book. When we got together and talked matters over, we were found to be congenial spirits, and thought very much along the same lines, though I said little to him about my editorial aspirations. I took him with me to one of my appointments. He was then a deacon, yet I asked him to preach. He tried to excuse himself on the ground of not being in the ministry. I told him that, preacher or no preacher, he must talk to the people, and he did. He returned

to his home, leaving with me an urgent request to come to the District Meeting of Northern Illinois, to be held nine or ten weeks later. Little did we then think that both of us were destined to play together an important role in the stirring events of the Brotherhood.

The District Meeting of Northern Illinois and Wisconsin for 1876 convened at the West Branch church, near Mount Morris, not far from the last of April. As per Brother Eshelman's earnest request, I was on hand, and here I, for the first time, met the prominent workers and leaders of the District. By my pamphlets and writings for the church papers I was known to all of them and they gave me a most cordial welcome. The impression they made on me was most favorable and I felt at home with them from the start. I was with them in their devotional services and they impressed me as of a high spiritual type. In the conference I listened to their deliberations and learned that while they did not all see alike respecting some points, still with them brotherly love predominated. I returned home from this meeting carrying with me a high regard for the membership of Northern Illinois.

A month later, when work became a little slack in my locality, I received from Brother Eshelman a letter, saying that if I would come to Northern Illinois, I could get all the painting I cared to do. Leaving my office work in charge of my wife and her sister, I might have been found, a few days later, in Northern Illinois, painting a large barn near Shannon, with Brother Eshelman assisting. He said there were two



"I would paint during the day"

things he wanted to do—learn to paint and then to talk to me when not otherwise busy. I gave him a few pointers in the use of the brush and we started in, not realizing for the moment what this was leading up to.

We painted during the day and talked till late at night. I was not with him long until I learned that the editorial bee was buzzing in his bonnet as vigorously as it had been buzzing in mine. So we talked paper and almost dreamed about what we had in mind. It occurred to us that the Brotherhood needed a paper in the West, and that sooner or later one would be started. As other brethren were publishing church papers we did not see why we could not edit and publish one. Neither of us had money enough to venture on such an undertaking, but we hardly took time to think about that. In the beginning of the year Brother J. T. Myers began the publishing of a monthly in Germantown, Pennsylvania, entitled the *Brethren's Messenger.* Why not ask him to move his outfit to Lanark, and all three of us unite in publishing a weekly paper? The more we thought over the plan the stronger became our convictions that this would be the proper thing to do. At least, we thought, no one could then accuse us of starting a new paper, for there were in the Brotherhood some who thought we already had more church papers than we needed.

Finally it was decided to write Brother Myers, advising him of our plans, and have him come and see us, and together we could canvass the situation. By July 26 he was on hand, and after a few days' consideration an agreement was entered into to move his small outfit to Lanark, change the name of the paper to the *Brethren at Work,* to be published weekly and edited by J. H. Moore, J. T. Myers, and M. M. Eshelman. A few days later a building was rented in

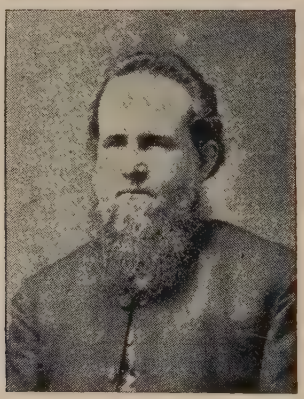
Lanark. I then told Brethren Eshelman and Myers to arrange for the transfer of the outfit and I would try to finish the jobs of painting I had on hand before I would be needed in the office. Three weeks later I was informed that the outfit had reached Lanark. I was then painting the new country residence of Brother R. F. McCune. So I told Brother McCune that if he would be kind enough to get some one to finish the job, I would go to work on that paper. To this he readily consented, for he was one of the many strongly in favor of a western paper. Here ended, very abruptly, my career as a house painter.

In the Editorial Chair

On Monday morning, Aug. 21, I was in the editorial chair. On this date, for the first time, I met Brother Lewis A. Plate, a young German, well educated, and twenty-one years old. He had been associated with Brother Myers in his paper and was to become foreman in our office. No one then dreamed of the unique part, in a quiet way, that he was to play in giving a certain literary polish to some of the best books that have come from the Brethren press. We all worked like beavers, and everybody in and around town seemed interested in our undertaking. Here were two young men from the country (Brother Myers remaining in the East), entering upon a business in which neither of them had any experience. All told they did not have a hundred dollars between them, and every cent of that was needed for their families. Fi-

nancially speaking it was a reckless undertaking. We had both given more attention to writing than to finances. But we were in it, full of faith and energy, with more zeal than business judgment, and it meant success or failure. However, a few well-to-do brethren in Lanark and Milledgeville had told us to go ahead, be careful, and when necessary they would come to our assistance.

In due time my family and my tract business were moved from Champaign County to Lanark. Sept. 14 the first issue of the *Brethren at Work* was sent forth. It was printed on the local press, we having no press of our own. As contributors we had secured some of the best writers in the Brotherhood, and this



Editor at Thirty-one

with the sudden appearance of the paper in all parts of the Brotherhood made quite a sensation. Aside

from the writing they had done for other papers and in pamphlets, the editors and publishers were unknown quantities.

At this time the missionary spirit in all the churches in Northern Illinois and even elsewhere was running high. Brother Christian Hope, our first foreign missionary, and family, had been sent to Denmark, and Northern Illinois had volunteered to stand good for the expenses. The *Brethren at Work* at once championed the foreign mission cause and urged it with all the influence of the paper. This made us thousands of friends. Brother Eshelman being in close touch with Brother Hope, and helping to direct his work, we had the news at first hand, and we made the most of it.

Early in October we installed a Potter cylinder press, to be turned by hand, six revolutions of the big fly wheel and crank for every impression. As two impressions were necessary this meant the turning of the crank twelve thousand times for every one thousand papers printed. As I was much stronger than Brother Eshelman it fell to my lot, in addition to my editorial work, to run the press. Our circulation, to start with, was over two thousand. That meant work at the big wheel by the hour. But I was strong. We had faith in our undertaking, and no one, not even employés, thought of complaining, when we worked from ten to fourteen hours a day, and six days in the week. Brother Eshelman looked after the business correspondence, and the mailing department, and did some editorial writing. Brother Plate was foreman

and paid as little attention to hours as the rest of us. I would work at my editorial desk until Brother Plate got the form on the press, then removing coat and vest I did duty at that big wheel for five or more hours. One day, while thus at work, and everybody else busy, Brother Lemuel Hillery came into the office, paused a moment, and then said: "I never could understand why your paper should bear the name it does. It means the brethren at work, for sure."

These were busy days. I worked in the office all day, and in my library until late at night. It fell to my lot to preach practically every Sunday, and sometimes twice. During the summer the Brethren had built a church in town, the same congregation having another house two and a half miles out in the country. When the day of dedication for the new structure came, Nov. 26, the room was crowded to the walls. The mayor of the town was there. One of the members of the State legislature, who lived near, was present. Representatives from all the adjoining churches helped to make up the audience. The preachers filled a long, well-constructed seat behind the stand and at one end of the room. The building was without a platform for the preacher. The devotional exercises were impressive and the singing inspiring. After prayer Brother Henry Martin, the elder in charge, turned to me, and in a voice that could be heard all over the room said: "Brother Moore, it is expected that you should preach today." That was the first intimation that I had concerning the delivery of the dedication sermon. Thinking that it might pos-

sibly turn out about that way I had prepared for the occasion. In those days of simplicity it was no unusual thing for a minister to be called on for a sermon without any previous notice. Say what you will about the lack of what we now call system in pulpit arrangements, those were glorious days, and the believers got a whole lot of good out of the services.

Some Stirring Events

On locating in Lanark I found myself in the midst of a fine class of people, both members and non-members. The town was surrounded by members, and a drive of a little more than an hour enabled me to reach the most distant of five preaching points. Within half a day as many more points could be reached. I was then the youngest preacher in all this group of churches, and in various ways they kept me busy.

The members were kind and yet never thought of giving me more than bare expenses for funerals, however long such services kept me away from the office. A series of meetings with no traveling expenses was appreciated, but left the preacher no better off in dollars and cents. Marriages—and there were a lot of them—usually meant a few dollars each. Yet I had no reason to complain. Various products from the farm found their way to our home. One big-hearted brother told the tailor to make me a suit of clothes, overcoat and all, but never said a word about the bill. Another brother said one of his cows was mine, and when I pointed out the one he delivered her at our

home. These things did not constitute a salary, and yet, coming from the heart as they did, they served even a higher purpose. Yes, for the spirit and the body, too, give me those good old days and you can have the rest.

I was not in Lanark long until I got into a tilt with the Disciple preacher. In the local paper he assailed a point or two of our doctrine. It was not in me to let a matter of that sort pass unnoticed. Our exchange of articles in the town paper stirred up the whole community. Some of the good members thought I might get the church into trouble, but I had been in such tilts before, and felt easy in spite of the fact that I had as much other work as I could attend to with justice.

A little later N. A. McConnell, who one time held a four days' debate with Brother James Quinter, came upon the scene. He was brilliant, argumentative and sometimes witty. He enjoyed getting off something a bit amusing on the Brethren. At that time many of the brethren parted their hair on the top of their head. One day, coming into the office, with some of his friends, he walked to my desk, lifted his hat, being bald-headed, and said: "Brother Moore, don't you think I would make a pretty good member of your church?" I told him that I would not give much for a man's religion when the Lord had to snatch him bald-headed in order to induce him to part his hair right. The religious conditions of the times called for just such passes now and then, and while our people were seldom the aggressors, they were usually pre-

pared to take care of their side of the question, in wit as well as in argument.

With a few exceptions I attended all of our Conferences for several years. In May, 1877, accompanied by Brother Eshelman, I attended Conference at New Enterprise, Pa. The Sunday preceding the business session I happened in the Yellow Creek congregation, when I ran up against a custom that was decidedly new to me. The large house was packed with people, and the long bench, behind the table of equal length, was full of preachers, probably fifteen in all, myself being about the fourth one, counting from the head of the table, where sat Brother Jacob Steel, the elder in charge. There was no pulpit, and of course no platform for the speaker.

After the close of the devotional exercises, when everything was ready for the sermon, Elder Steel picked up the large pulpit Bible from the table in front of him and passed it to the minister to his right, he in turn passing it to the next one. This was a new wrinkle to me, so when the Book reached me I passed it on to the next preacher. It finally reached the last preacher and he started it back. I then decided that if the Book reached me again it would stop. Sure enough, it did come to me, and there it remained until I was through with my sermon. About twenty-five years after this occurrence an elder, whom I had just learned to know, asked me if I had forgotten the passing of the Bible at the Yellow Creek meeting. He then told me that, as a young minister, he was behind the table, and could recall not only the circum-

stance, but the subject and the text as well as the points presented in the discourse. An unusual incident often proves helpful to the memory.

In some ways the New Enterprise Conference was unique as well as interesting. Elder D. P. Sayler was moderator, and he had a way of presiding that put into the meeting a good deal of his keen and independent personality. While he was, for that day and generation, considered fair in his rulings, when he felt like making a speech he was heard from, even though he had to hold a motion to do so. There was with him no such thing as moving the previous question. He put the question when he thought the meeting was ready for it. He was always cool, never got into any entanglements, and when a question was not being headed in the right direction, as he thought, he made it his business to tell the Conference so. This he sometimes did in such a way as to indicate that he was the real master of ceremonies.

During the meeting it was deemed necessary to lift an offering for Brother Hope, our first missionary in Denmark. This was done while the people were at the tables, eating their noon meal. Instead of the money being exchanged for a draft at the bank, it was dumped, large and small coin together, into a small valise, that I had with me, to be taken to Lanark, Ill., and delivered to Brother C. P. Rowland, treasurer of the Danish Mission fund. I never counted the money, but simply locked the valise and carried it with me on my return trip. On reaching Chicago, late at night, the porter of the Windsor Hotel met me at the depot.

When I handed him the small valise he said: "Well, this feels like it had money in it." It is said that "all is well that ends well," but carrying $200, mostly in coins, in this manner, was a risky piece of business. But that is the way many people did things in those days. The money got to Brother Hope all the same.

How Mount Morris College Started

After three years of hard work in the editorial chair, I sold my interest in the *Brethren at Work,* retaining a small Sunday-school paper, which I afterwards disposed of. But a short time before this was the beginning of some interesting history. At Mount Morris the M. E. church had for years been conducting a seminary. The property finally fell into the hands of Congressman R. R. Hitt, who offered the same for sale. Brother M. S. Newcomer, a man of business and means, wrote me that he had a notion to purchase the seminary and have it converted into a school for the Brethren. He asked me what I thought of the project, and to suggest some one to take charge of the school. I urged him to procure the property by all means, and then named the minister who afterwards was installed as president. I was present in most of the meetings called to promote the interest of the institution, as well as the day the school was opened. Brother D. L. Miller, an enterprising business man of Polo, had taken an interest in the enterprise. This movement, along with the publishing interests and the foreign mission cause, made of North-

ern Illinois a live wire. There were stirring times those days and the spirit of activity was felt in every congregation.

But going back a little, there was another matter that interested all the churches. It was then considered a special honor to have the privilege of taking care of the Annual Meeting. The Conference of 1879 had granted the next meeting to Northern Illinois. A special District Meeting was called to appoint a Locating Committee, and also to arrange for taking care of the Conference. I was chosen delegate by the members at Lanark, and told to do my utmost to bring the Annual Meeting to Lanark. When the special District Meeting convened I was on hand and as busy as the next one. I had my idea about the Locating Committee, and probably pressed my points with a bit more energy than charity. This led to some rather pointed talking upon the part of a few. But by the time the meeting got through with its work, I was appointed a member of the Locating Committee, and made secretary. Brother Enoch Eby was chosen chairman, and Brother D. L. Miller, though not a member of the committee, was the choice for treasurer. Well, the Conference of 1880 went to Lanark.

The foregoing about this particular Annual Meeting, leads up to a sequel that has meant much for myself, for the Brotherhood, and for a great many of her activities. It would make a long story of itself. After the special District Meeting was over I was asked by Brother and Sister D. L. Miller to come to Polo, seven miles distant, and spend the night in their home. They

were energetic people, not so widely known, but full of life and spirit, and running over with zeal for the church. I had barely entered the home when Sister Miller said: "Brother Moore, how could you stand all that abusive talking at the meeting and not get ruffled?" "Sister Miller," says I, "it takes a cool hammer to bend hot iron, and my business at that meeting was to bend the iron." In a casual way Brother Miller and myself had met a few times, but this night in his home was the beginning of a lifelong friendship. As young men, full of faith and hope, and our eyes set on the future, neither of us even dreamed of the active parts we were to play together and apart in the stirring events of the Brotherhood and all of her burning questions for more than a third of a century.

But back to Mount Morris College. The school opened with the brightest of prospects, and by wise management and a promise to live up fully to the principles of the church, it soon won the confidence of the entire Brotherhood. But in the midst of hope and prosperity something happened, almost paralleling the first half of David's crime. The scholarly president, the gifted preacher and skillful writer, a man of noble bearing, loved and honored because of his learning, piety and grace, fell from his high moral plane and disappeared. This left the school resting wholly on the shoulders of Brethren D. L. Miller and M. S. Newcomer. An atmosphere of uncertainty surrounded the institution. All Northern Illinois was dazed. The two brethren called all the elders of the

District together. I was the youngest elder in the group, having been ordained Jan. 1, 1880. These elders were a fine body of men, sincere, devout and spiritual. They knew the purpose of the meeting and the situation of the school. Should the school stop, under the circumstances, or should it go on? They prayed and counseled together. What advice should we offer Brethren Miller and Newcomer? Bro. Enoch Eby was presiding. Beginning with the older elders he put the question to each, "Shall we advise that the school be stopped or continued?" "Stop the school," came from each one as he pointed to one after another. I was the last to be questioned. "What is your mind, Brother Moore?" There I was, the youngest elder in age and office in the room; all had voted to stop the school. Must I stand with them or must I stand alone, and oppose a group of fine men for whom I had such a high regard? I hesitated, and then came my decision: "Brother Eby, this school must not stop." The rest of the story is long. The school spirit revived. A better day came. Hope sprang to the front, and now, after the passing of decades, I am glad that it was once my privilege to help press a few of the minor buttons that brought the school, with all of her marvelous possibilities, into existence, and to speak and write words of encouragement while she was passing through tribulation and flames.

Some Railroad Freedom

I have mentioned that at one time all the elders of Northern Illinois were lined up against me regarding

Mount Morris College. I knew that they were honest and they knew that I was sincere. They never criticised me for my course, nor did I ever criticise them. They thought none the less of me because of my action, and I am sure that I never thought any the less of them. While they were not men of scholarship, they possessed great piety, great reverence for the Word of Truth, the highest respect for the church and her principles, and in spite of their lack of schooling, some of them were a power in the pulpit. Fortunate is the young elder who has such men for associates in the Lord's work.

My editorial connection with the *Brethren at Work* being resumed, I helped to remove the publishing plant to Mount Morris, but I had no financial interest in the concern. Early in 1882 the entire publishing interests passed into the hands of Brethren D. L. Miller and Joseph Amick. By the new firm I was appointed managing editor, and as the finances were too low at the time to permit the firm to pay the editorial salary, Brother Miller out of his private account paid me forty dollars per month, while Brother Amick worked without pay. Within a year the office was on a good footing. At this time I was publishing a monthly—the *Family Companion*—of my own. Looking after the two papers, and my family still at Lanark, gave me another busy period. A little later my family was moved to Mount Morris and I had more leisure.

I will not weary the reader with an account of the many trips that I was called to take. Some of the railroads had granted me free transportation over

all of their lines. One road had my photograph placed on the back of a free pass, and with this I was at liberty to go where duty called me. Sometimes I would be in Iowa; then in Missouri or Kansas. Though strong and in good health, my nerves would now and then get the better of me. On one occasion I went to Chicago, entered a train headed for Mitchell, S. D., dropped into a seat and remained there until Mitchell was reached. After spending one night in the then frontier town I took the next train for home, and reached my desk, rested and ready for work. This was the only time that I used my pass for a recreation. Before the close of 1882 I served in a unique way in locating the Annual Conference for 1883. The Meeting of 1882, not feeling prepared to approve of the call for the next Conference to be held in Northeastern Kansas, left the matter in the hands of the officers of the Meeting, James Quinter, Enoch Eby and John Wise, to confer with the Brethren in Kansas, and announce the arrangements. As I could travel without cost, these brethren entrusted the matter to me. I made the trip, completed the necessary investigations and reported that in my judgment Bismarck Grove, near Lawrence, would be a very suitable place for the Annual Meeting. In due time the choice was made known, and to this point our people went for Conference in the spring of 1883. So I had a little something to do in locating the first Annual Meeting west of the Mississippi and south of the Missouri River.

However, in approving of Bismarck Grove as a

proper place for a great Conference, I was not in a position to reckon with the weather. The Meeting was held on the fair grounds, in a beautiful grove, and not far from the city of Lawrence. As there were few buildings available I took up my quarters in one of the cattle stalls. The roof was good, and the earth floor was covered with straw, and this with canvas. Another piece of canvas was stretched across the front, with a blanket for cover. Here I spent nearly a full week. One of the daily papers paid me five dollars a day to write up the Conference news. I also contributed the usual Annual Meeting notes for the *Brethren at Work*. Much of this writing had to be done at night by the light of a candle that I mounted on a rudely-constructed shelf. I had no chair, not even a box to sit on, and of course no table. Much rain fell and water covered the floor of some stalls near me, but mine remained fairly dry. Here I sat on the straw floor and wrote by the hour. I got enough of this sort of accommodations, and ever after that looked around for something better.

In the Brotherhood we had two church papers, the *Primitive Christian,* published at Huntingdon, Pa., and the *Brethren at Work,* published at Mount Morris, Ill. After the close of the Bismarck Conference the publishers of both papers talked matters over and agreed to consolidate them, and to have but one, bearing the name of the *Gospel Messenger,* which should be printed and mailed at Mount Morris. For this paper Brother James Quinter was chosen editor in chief and myself managing editor. The work appealed to me

and I enjoyed it. In directing the policy of the paper—for that was left largely to me—I labored under no restrictions. I was placed in charge of the work, without any instructions whatever, and was trusted to do the right thing for the Brotherhood at large as well as for the publishing company. No one ever enjoyed greater freedom in the editorial chair. I outlined my own policy and put into operation my own methods. Brother H. B. Brumbaugh, who remained at Huntingdon, furnished matter for an eastern department. Brother Quinter also remained at Huntingdon. Space was always reserved for what they sent. Everything else was left to me. Brother Joseph Amick was business manager, and each giving attention to his own department, everything ran smoothly.

A Radical Change

But there was a radical change to come into my life. I had been in Northern Illinois nearly eight years, had preached in every congregation in the District, knew personally all the elders as well as the preachers, had met nearly all the members and could call the most of them by name. I had baptized and married more of them than I could remember a dozen years later. I had often stood by the open graves of their loved ones, and spoken the last word before the mother earth closed over the forms of the sacred dead. Time and again I had met with the elders of the District to confer regarding the interests of the respective flocks. I had served on committees in various con-

gregations until I grew tired of that class of work.

But the time had come for me to turn my back on all this. I was just in my prime, thirty-seven years old, strong in body and active in mind. I liked my work on the *Messenger* and probably could have held my position for many years. I liked the members of the District. To associate with them was an inspiration. But in every man there is an inward, undefinable arbiter that directs the course of human lives. It spoke and I moved on. But there was a reason. My wife's health was poor. She was threatened with tuberculosis. It was thought that a mild climate might help her. I made a hasty trip to Florida, liked the conditions and decided to move. There were then three children in the family, Etta, the youngest, being five years old. I closed my connection with the *Messenger* with regrets? Yes, but in good cheer. My faith in the future was strong. Was it the right thing for me to do? I did not stop to reason. Health of the wife and mother was of the highest consideration. I did not discuss the situation. The inward monitor said to leave all and go. We went, not in despondency, but in good cheer, trusting the future to the One who moves in mysterious ways, his wonders to perform.

In Florida

The middle of March, 1884, found myself and family in the little village of Keuka, at the west end of a charming lake one mile long, in Putnam County, Fla., and sixty-five miles south of Jacksonville. In

the woods on the south side of the lake I erected a four-room house, which was to be to the family, "home, sweet home." It was a lovely spot. I had the land cleared, plowed and fenced. Then I planted an orange grove.

In the village there were but four buildings, one of them being the depot. At the other end of the lake there were three houses, and this made up the community—not a score of souls all told. Using the depot, we organized a Sunday-school. I taught my class on the platform outside the building. Talk about a pioneer life! We had it here in real earnest. I was the only Brethren preacher in the State, and it was more than five hundred miles to the nearest Brethren church. For a man knowing nothing about Southern conditions and possibilities it was a venture for sure—a leap in the dark. But we were here. Our all was here, the family and what little money had been saved up.

A Wedding in the Woods

I had been in Florida only a few weeks when one of our Sunday-school helpers told me that a friend of his wished me to solemnize a marriage for him at a point some distance out in the woods. He had planned to take me to the place the next Lord's Day, immediately after Sunday-school. We followed a wagon trail through the woods, and not a home was passed on the way. We finally halted at a log house, erected on a homestead. A few acres were cleared and fenced. Several orange, grapefruit and a number of other fruit

trees grew about the house. Back of the log house, possibly forty feet, was another log building, but not so large. Several saddle horses were hitched to trees here and there. A few two-wheeled carts were on hand. A dozen men were standing on the large porch, and I was introduced to them. Among the number was Colonel Boyd, a gentleman who possessed all the bearing of having been a man of affairs. He was intelligent and courteous and his face bore the marks of natural leadership.

The marriage license was handed to me. I looked the document over carefully, and was then told by Colonel Boyd to come into the house, as everything was ready. All the men filed into the house, there being but the one room, probably eighteen feet square. In three corners were beds. There were only a few chairs. The bride and groom sat on the side of one of the beds. Being introduced to me, I told them to stand, and then, amid these primitive surroundings, in the backwoods of Florida, I performed the marriage ceremony with as much care, solemnity and earnestness as if I had been in a well-appointed residence of the rich and influential. All present shook hands. Then the men filed out onto the porch again. Presently dinner was announced and we passed through the house, down some steps, and along the dirt walk to the building in the rear that was known as the kitchen and dining room. Seated at the table, I had the bridegroom at my left and Colonel Boyd at the right. For this specially-prepared wedding dinner we had soda biscuits, corn bread, collards, cooked with fat bacon,

The First Brethren Church in Florida

rice, ginger cake, syrup and black coffee. Did we enjoy it, you ask? One would live longer on that kind of "eats" than on most of the wedding dinners that we had enjoyed in Northern homes. After dinner I fixed up the papers for the new couple. The bridegroom thanked me, and said he was short of money just then, but would have something for me in the near future. Some months later he gave me fifty cents.

While here I had an interesting talk with Colonel Boyd and learned that before the Civil War he was a wealthy slave holder living near St. Joseph, Mo. He entered the Southern army, was appointed colonel, and as the leader of his regiment, passed through the entire war. It was his men, who, in close quarters,

with their double-barreled shotguns tore a section of General Sigel's army to pieces at the battle of Wilson Creek, near Springfield, Mo. Speaking of the affair to me, he said the sight of men being taken by surprise and shot down like animals, was sickening. The war swept away all his wealth and left him a poor man, but did not destroy his marks of leadership and manly bearing. With the wealthy and aristocracy of the South he had lost his standing, and, disheartened and broken in health and spirit, he had for the rest of his life sought solitude in the woods of Florida. To meet with a man of his intelligence, and to converse with him by the hour, was a help to one who had left the environments that I had enjoyed in Northern Illinois and settled in a section of unknown possibilities.

The summer passed rapidly. Members from the North visited the country, purchased land and built homes. With some help from Northern friends a churchhouse was constructed. Buildings were erected in town, preaching services were opened, a church organized, and when the first love feast was held in January there were forty-five members present and nine of them were ministers. Everything seemed cheerful and hopeful. In August, the fourth child, Alice, had come into our family. Among Brethren families, she might possibly claim the distinction of being the first child born in the State.

The summer was a busy one for me. I was placed in charge of a sawmill five miles from home. My drive through the woods to the mill was a lonesome trip. I drove the distance with a one-horse wagon

every morning and evening, nearly always carrying a loaded gun on the dashboard in front of me. I had also moved my monthly to our place on the lake. Editing this, looking after the mill, preaching nearly every Sunday, writing for the *Messenger* and other papers, and carrying on an extensive correspondence kept me as busy as I had ever been in any part of my life.

Adam and the Mules

In the early part of the summer I had an interesting experience, one that contains a fine moral. The president of our mill company, while on his way to his home in Virginia, stopped at Jacksonville, Fla., and purchased a span of mules. He wrote me to have some one bring them to the mill for logging purposes. To most people a trip of that sort might not seem much of a task, but in those days, when nearly every mile of the woods, between us and Jacksonville, was a wilderness, it was no small undertaking. I did not care to make the trip myself, and knew of no white man whom I felt like sending.

I had working for me a negro, possibly forty-five years old. He impressed me as a man of some nerve, was resourceful in his make-up, and seemed to know considerable about the great belt of woods to the north. I was told that he was a bit tricky, but as he was a man of a family, and somewhat of a leader in his community, I decided to assign the task to him. So I called Adam—for that was his name—to one side, and told him I had two mules at Jacksonville that I

wanted him to bring to the mill. I asked him if he thought he could make his way through the woods with them. Without hesitating a moment he said: "Yes, boss. I kin carry dem mules through all right." I told him to get ready and I would give him a letter to the livery man, in whose barn the mules could be found. In the sealed letter, properly addressed, I placed a check for the balance due on the mules. Then I wrote another letter "To whom it may concern," saying that the bearer, a colored man, was authorized to bring to me a span of mules from Jacksonville. This I placed in an unsealed envelope of another color, and told Adam that if he got into trouble this letter would help him out. Adam could neither read nor write. I gave him my saddle, a bridle and fifteen dollars. With this outfit, and the two letters and money carefully tucked away in his pockets, he disappeared. On the narrow gauge road he was to reach Palatka, nineteen miles distant, and from there work his way down the St. Johns River to Jacksonville. I made no suggestions regarding the best way of getting through the woods, possibly eighty miles, with the mules. That was left entirely to his ingenuity.

In my mind I had allowed him five days in which to make the trip. I felt sure that if he were not arrested for stealing he would turn up all right by the end of that time. Near the close of the fifth day Adam was seen coming down the road, riding one mule and leading the other, or "carring" it, as the Southern negro is in the habit of saying in place of "leading." He felt just a bit proud over what he had

"Yes, boss, I kin carry dem mules through all right"

done. He knew that he had been trusted for the task, and he had made good. After telling me of his experiences on the St. Johns River boat, his long ride through the woods, occasionally removing his clothes, so he could swim the mules across streams, he proceeded, in a very unique way, to give an account of his expenses. He told what he paid on the train, on the boat, for "eats," feed for the mules, lodging and on to the end of the list, and then asked me to "figure it up." This done, he handed me the money he had and told me to count that. I did so, and sure enough, the money and the expenses footed up to just $15, the amount that I had given him. I then paid him for his time and gave him a little bonus, which pleased him wonderfully.

To Adam I had assigned what the other colored people considered a very important task. I had said little to him regarding the course that he was to pursue. I simply left the matter with him to work out. He did his errand well, and ever after that seemed to think more about real manhood. It made a better "nigger" of him. He had proved, in one instance, at least, that he could be trusted. I have forgotten my experiences with nearly all of the scores of colored men that it fell to my lot to handle, but after nearly forty years I still occasionally think of the faithful service rendered by Adam, the black man.

The Religious Side

My mill work—looking after the selling of lumber—took me into many parts of the State. Sometimes I

stopped in a boarding house which was conducted by a devout woman in the old historic town of Micanopy. On learning that I was a minister she refused to take any pay from me. I explained to her that while I was a regular minister, still when in her town I was there on business, and it was but proper that I should pay my lodging bills. She replied by saying that she never charged a minister for staying in her house, and she lived up to this rule in all sincerity. For a preacher to run up against a circumstance of this sort always puts him to thinking along helpful lines. He is led to understand that there may be more real sincere and devout people in this world than it gets credit for.

There was always a religious side connected with

Our Lovely Home by the Lake

my work and experience. Our church stood near the western shore of Lake Keuka. In this lake a number of promising young people were baptized, and out from this little band of believers went influences that have reached many parts of the Brotherhood. There were several ministers, but it fell to my lot to do most of the preaching. We had different meeting points. Those away from Keuka had to be reached by a long drive through the woods, and measuring off miles over these sandy roads was tedious. Out in the woods, among the hills, there nestled a charming sheet of water known as the Lake of Galilee. Near one end of this lake was a negro settlement, and a log church in which they held their meetings. They had their own preachers, and their gatherings were characterized by an abundance of enthusiasm. Occasionally a white minister by the name of Cooper preached for them. They invited me to come to their rude structure and give them a sermon. I went. It was night and the room was packed full of men, women and children as black as they make them.

They were holding a prayer meeting as a preparation for the sermon. They prayed for the preacher as well as for each other. In his loud and well-modulated prayer, one of them said, "O Lord, git after de sinner and drive him to de church as de storm drives the pigeon to de barn"; a homely way of putting it, but full of meaning. Finally, the time came for me. I read my text: "Preach the Word." Then I stated, "My purpose tonight is to preach the Word." "Den preach de Word," said an old lady in a voice that could

be heard all over the room. As I progressed one of the deacons, addressing the colored preacher, called out: "Milo, dat am so, ain't it?" Later on there were "amens," and plenty of them; now and then "good" or "dat just right." There was no sleeping. It was a real live-wire meeting. Those that I did not interest were kept wide awake by the ejaculations. I talked about forty-five minutes and then called for a hymn. One of the leaders started a familiar song and they simply made that old church ring with their plantation melody. While singing they clapped their hands, patted the floor with their feet and swung their bodies to and fro in unison with the music. As soon as they reached the end of the song, I called for prayer, knowing that a second hymn would bring them to their feet and they would soon have me in the midst of a negro dance.

The next day, when one of the men came to town, he was approached by Brother Israel Rosenberger, of Covington, Ohio, who was spending the winter in Florida, saying: "Well, Steve, how did Elder Moore get along with you folks last night?" "O Mr. Rosenberger," said Steve, "de captain jist took de socks off Mr. Cooper last night. I tell you, de captain got us into deep water." When Steve reached my place (he was working for me at the time), I said to him: "Steve, why can't you folks keep a little quiet when a man is preaching?" Lifting his slouch hat he looked me square in the face and said: "Captain, don't the angels shout?" "Yes," says I, "but you folks out there in the woods are not angels yet."

But there was another side to life. There were funerals to be preached, and some of them filled my heart with sorrow. Once I was asked, by a stranger, to go forty miles with him, partly by rail and then by private conveyance, to conduct a funeral service. Ten miles was through very dense timber. The night was dark—hardly a house or clearing could be seen. I was with a man I never saw before. Late in the night we came to a milling camp, and here I found the purpose of my call. A sister, a widow from Indiana, had found her way into the woods of Florida, and in a rough board shack had closed her eyes in death, leaving two boys, about ten and twelve years of age. The scene was a sad one, pathetic in the extreme.

After sad experiences of this sort I could go back to our lovely home on the lake, and there enjoy the sweetness and confidence of a kindred circle that had not been disturbed by the cruel hand of death. Living around the lake were a score or more of like precious faith, with whom we could meet and worship and gather strength for the additional trials in life awaiting us. Not so long after this I was called to the temporary home of some members, who had ventured into the State. They were quite poor. The man was burning up with a fever that had fastened itself on to his system. The mattress on which he lay rested on some boards only a short distance above the rude floor. A few days later he passed into the beyond, and his lifeless body was laid to rest in a lonely spot by the side of a lake. Then there came a day, as time went rushing on, when I would pass the lone grave of one of

our ministers, in the woods by the side of the road. He had, in connection with one of our schools, moved in the best and the most promising circles of his community. He had married a lovely woman, made the venture into the Southland and fallen by the way. There were other lone graves over which loved ones had wept. All of this was pioneer life in reality, and often, when I meditated on the situation, I would ask myself, if my coming South had in any measure led up to these seasons of sorrow. Then I recalled the many lives that had been sacrificed in order to establish churches in the forests of Indiana, and on the great prairies of the West. So, in order to carry the banner into the woods of Florida, some lives had to be given. Thus I reasoned, and on I went with my work.

A Sojourn in Georgia

On settling in the woods of Florida and building up an orange grove that was to be a support for self and family, I had not counted the cost in time and money. At my disposal I had plenty of time but not much money. At the end of two years I closed my connection with the mill. My monthly publication had been suspended. For a living, I worked at anything to which I could turn my hands. I planted groves, cultivated them and helped build houses. I even undertook jobs of clearing up timber lands for groves. This meant grubbing, burning out trees, chopping, burning brush and log heaps, and plowing. In the hot summer months of 1887 I put in many a day grubbing. I knew

that I was in a close place, but did not become discouraged or lose faith. I kept up my writing, reading and preaching, feeling that for the man who had good health, who would keep up courage and go on doing his best, there would be a way out.

While in the midst of this hard work I received a letter from a Mr. Reed, son of an ex-governor of Florida and the roadmaster of a leading railroad, saying that he had a large nursery interest at Waycross, Ga., was looking for a manager, and that I had been recommended to him by the editor of a Jacksonville daily, for which publication I was doing a good deal of writing. He asked me to come to Waycross and confer with him. I went. We talked matters over, struck a bargain and I went to work as director of a business employing as many as twenty men. In my younger days I had had some training in the nursery business, and the experience came in handy to me. It was a chance to make a good living and to be in touch with the real live men of the South, the fruit growers.

I regretted to leave the members at Keuka, but it was this, or a life of hard work that would soon have worn me out. There was a good school at Waycross for the children, and we were located only one mile from the center of the town. I could be with the family every day and at every meal. The duties were not hard, but exacting. The firm ordered plants from France, Japan and many sections in the United States. All of this fell to my lot. We had a million trees and plants, and I readily learned to know the name of each

variety. We grafted, budded and experimented. From Japan we ordered our extensive persimmon stock. By cutting up a Japan tree I learned how the grafting was done, and we were soon raising our own persimmon trees at a tenth of the cost of those procured in Japan. In two years we made trees that bore delicious persimmons as large as a small teacup. Pear and plum trees were grown by the thousands from cuttings. Our nursery was visited by leading nurserymen from the South. A member of the celebrated Burbank nursery firm of California spent the best part of a day looking over our stock and inquiring about our methods. In a way it was an interesting proposition.

Here we had unique experiences. It would require several chapters to narrate all of them. Let one suffice. In the early part of the summer I noticed the fine, large, wild blackberries along the fences and in the woods. I never ran across the like for size and flavor. Wife said that if I would get her a few dozen jars she would like to can some of the berries. I ordered a large case—possibly six dozen—from Savannah, Ga. In a few days they were on hand. I told two colored women that if they would gather only the nicest and the largest of the blackberries, I would give them four cents a quart—regular quart measure. The next evening they came, accompanied by four children, each bearing a vessel or pan of delicious berries. I paid for the berries and told them that we needed more. The next evening there were more negroes and more berries. After settling for these and making some

calculations, the bunch of women and children were told that they could get us one more good batch. The evening following there were many more negroes and, of course, a whole lot more berries—really more than we had jars for—but we decided to take them and make the best of the situation. In the meantime,

"They came, accompanied by four children, each bearing a vessel of delicious berries"

word had gone out into the country that I was buying all the blackberries I could get, and the next evening, about an hour before sundown, you ought to have seen the negroes and the blackberries! I had seen more colored men, women and children in a group, but never before had I seen so many fine blackberries. People were there with buckets, dish pans and baskets full of berries. One enterprising darky had filled two or more washtubs with berries and hauled them to the place in his two-wheel ox cart. Well, what were we to do? The money we had for berries had been spent, all the jars were full, and some berries were left over. All we could do was to throw up our hands and confess that, for once, we had been snowed under by fine Georgia blackberries.

Shadows and Sunshine

There were no members here and we had no meetings of our own. A number of times I was asked to fill the city pulpits, and always responded. Now and then I preached for the members in Florida, over one hundred miles to the south. I kept up my regular writing for the *Messenger* and wrote considerably for other papers. Though completely isolated, I never lost interest in the church and her work. To me, my work in the nursery was simply bridging over a deep chasm, and would mean something better later on.

But there was a sad day in store for me. Since going South wife had been getting along fairly well. During the summer of 1888 there was a sudden change

for the worse, and in September the gentle spirit took its departure, and the next day we laid all that was mortal of Mary in a lonely grave, far away from special friends and other relatives. At Jacksonville, to the south of us, people by the dozens were dying with the yellow fever. Our part of the South was quarantined and there was no chance of securing a Brethren minister to conduct a funeral service and speak the comforting words. An aged Methodist minister held a short private service, and the companion of my young manhood, the mother of my children, and the angel of the household, was seen no more. Aside from a brother-in-law and wife, who had been with us a short time, I was thus left with four children in a strange land without the comforting influences of other relatives or those of like precious faith. It was the darkest hour that had yet come into my life.

But with this bereavement hanging over us, there was still no time to pause. Whether one weeps or rejoices, the world with all of its activities moves on. Keeping house as best we could, by all parties helping, the nursery work proceeded. A little more than twelve months later Sister Phebe B. Brower, daughter of Elder George Brower, of Miami County, Ind., entered the family as wife and mother. She proved to be an ideal home maker, a good mother, and one whose faith in her Master, the Written Word and the principles of the Church of the Brethren, never wavered. Bringing some means to the family, the way for better work and greater usefulness opened up. I closed my connection with the nursery, and in a little while we

were quietly settled in our Florida home by the lake. I took up my regular preaching and church work, having planned to make this our permanent home.

In the spring that followed I was present at the Annual Conference held near Warrensburg, Mo., and took an active part in the deliberations. A paper came before the meeting, calling for a commentary on the New Testament in keeping with the way the Brethren understand the Gospel. The paper was received favorably, but was deferred for one year in the hands of a committee, of which I was foreman, the other two members being Brethren L. W. Teeter and Daniel Hays. At the first meeting of the committee, it was learned that Brother Teeter had just such a work in contemplation and had actually outlined his plans. Brother Hays and myself urged him to go ahead with his plans, and, if needed, we would aid him in any way we could. This led up to what is now known as "Teeter's Commentary on the New Testament."

A trip into Indiana, accompanied by wife and the two girls, in the fall, and the delivery of a number of sermons, while on the trip, completed the more active part of my labors for the year. But just about the time we became fairly settled in our home, among our orange trees, on the lake, there came a letter from Brother D. L. Miller, who was then office editor of the *Gospel Messenger,* saying that I had been elected to take his place as office editor of the *Messenger,* and that the Brethren Publishing Company would not take "no" for an answer. Twice before I had refused to consider a proposition to return to the paper, but here

was a letter advising me that "no" would not be accepted as a part of my answer.

In the Editorial Chair Again

We all regretted to leave our lovely home by the lake in a genial clime. We were sorry to forsake our nicely-located orange grove, which was just coming into good bearing and would soon furnish an ample support for the family for years to come. But there seemed to be something more than human back of the call. It was a call to leave the Southern home, the little flock and all of its endearing associations, a call to come up higher, to enter a broader field and undertake a still greater work. To such a call we dared not say "No." We reasoned that in the course of a few years we could return, not realizing how transient and uncertain are earthly charms and earthly values. We did not imagine that only a few years later, in one night a freeze would sweep away the several thousand dollar valuation that we had placed on our home and grove. Heeding the call, our eyes were spared the saddest sight that was ever witnessed in the Land of Flowers. On a lovely day, when all was promising, men estimated their wealth by the tens of thousands, and the next day found thousands of them paupers. And as their Florida hard earnings disappeared, so did ours.

At the time of the call this was hid from us. The call was accepted, and the first week in May found me in the editorial chair that I had vacated seven years before. Here I was at the same old desk on which

I formerly worked. Brother Joseph Amick was still business manager, Brother L. A. Plate, foreman, and Brother S. M. Eshelman in charge of the mailing department. Brother D. L. Miller had been moved up and was now senior editor. With me, it was a home-coming—going back to the old post after years of hard struggles elsewhere. I soon picked up all the wires that led to every part of the Brotherhood and within a few months, the machinery of my department was running smoothly.

But here I pause for a moment. I had been out of the office seven years. The inward monitor that moves men to action had spoken; and without asking any questions, or even counting the cost, I had, lone-handed, so to speak, gone far afield, into the South. True, I had a reason for going. Was the passing of these seven years lost time with me? I think not. I have always felt that the Lord had a hand in my going as well as in my returning.

I needed more experience and a broader vision for the work that the Great Father had mapped out for me. Up to this time my efforts, as well as my observation, had been too circumscribed. I had been moving in too narrow a channel. During my seven years in the South I had gone "through the mill," so to speak, and had came forth with a broader vision. I had run up against propositions, and had had experiences that afterwards served me an excellent purpose in nearly every turn of my editorial life. Some of the affairs were painful, and even distressing, but they served their end.

Then my going opened the way for Brother D. L. Miller to secure several years of helpful experience as office editor of the *Messenger,* and thus helped him all the years of his useful and splendid life. Had I remained on the *Messenger* from the start I do not know how the Lord would have divided up our work. But as it was, one thing followed another, and each one fitted into its place just as though some far-seeing mind had planned the whole program. Returning to the editorial chair with this conviction enabled me to put my whole heart into the work. No one had ever felt his call to the ministry more keenly than I felt my call to the *Messenger* and to some other writing that I have been led to do from time to time. From the day of my return, to the present, my labors in the editorial field, and even in other fields, have been known to thousands who will read these lines, and for that reason this story might end here, but for the interest of another generation it is deemed proper to add at least a few more chapters.

The Gish Fund

A few years after my return to the editorial chair I received a letter from Elder James R. Gish, who then lived in Arkansas, saying that he had several hundred dollars that he would like to have invested in Bibles—in such a way as to permit the poor to secure Bibles at cost. I had known Brother Gish ever since I was a lad. He was the preacher, who, in Missouri, told the story of the little yellow-back book,

which story induced me to read the New Testament for the first time, and led up to my conversion. So I took the matter up with him and suggested that, instead of laying in a stock of Bibles for the House to handle in the interest of the poor, he would furnish money enough to have printed a neat pocket Testament with the references and marginal reading below the verses to which they pertained. This Testament was to be known as the Gish New Testament and sold at as near cost as practicable. The suggestion appealed to him, but instead of the book being brought out by the Publishing House, it was placed on the market by the General Mission Board. This is the way we came by what is so widely known as the Gish Testament.

Two years later, in May, 1896, I was called to Woodford County, Ill., to conduct the funeral services for Brother Gish. He had died in Arkansas, leaving all of his property to his wife, Aunt Barbara, as she was generally known. She requested my uncle, P. A. Moore, who then lived in Woodford County, to take charge of the property for her. He did not feel able to undertake the task, and so he talked the matter over with me. It was finally decided to suggest to Aunt Barbara, Brother Thomas Keiser, a fine business man, as her business agent. He was placed in charge of the matter, and one year later, in my library at Mount Morris, Brother Keiser and myself talked over the advisability of suggesting to Aunt Barbara a plan for using the money bequeathed to her for the purpose of constituting what was to be known as the Gish Fund,

the income to be used to supply Brethren ministers with books practically free. A year later the money was turned over to the General Mission Board and the plan put into operation. It was my privilege, for several years, to serve as chairman of the committee, having in charge the selection of the books purchased by this fund and supplied to our ministers. Here is another good work established because Elder James R. Gish lived, prospered and left his property in a shape to be used for the Lord. To have been intimately acquainted with such a man for more than forty years, to have stood by his grave and spoken the last words before he was committed to mother earth, and then to have taken an active part in the movement that secured the use of his handsome estate for the church that he so dearly loved, has afforded occasions for many pleasant and helpful reflections.

Helpful Associations

Coming to Mount Morris when I did, placed me in close association with men, who, in their generation, did more to shape and direct the affairs of the Brotherhood than has been committed to print by the church historian. Brother D. L. Miller was the leading spirit in the missionary movement. No one stood higher in the educational circles than Brother J. G. Royer. Brother Joseph Amick was the financial genius of the Publishing House, the Mount Morris College interest, and other institutions. My work was to direct the policy of the *Messenger,* and to employ the paper in

encouraging and stimulating every good work and every helpful undertaking in the Brotherhood. As we were all laboring for the interest of the church at large, as well as locally, it was but natural that we should confer much with each other regarding the leading matters needing attention. For me to be associated with men of this type was not only an honor but an inspiration as well. There were but few papers pertaining to leading movements and questions among our people with which we did not in some manner get into close touch. We thus naturally became familiar with all the steps leading up to our church activities. While we often counseled together regarding leading movements, we never entered into an agreement to support any particular measure. In spite of our close associations in general church work, we felt free to act independently on any conference platform. And now, as I trace these lines, I am reminded of the solemn fact that of these four, once active in our different departments of church work, I am the only one remaining to tell the story of well-remembered bygone days.

From boyhood I had been a close student of the Bible and church history as well as of profane history. I seldom read the history of a place or country that I did not consult the best maps that I could procure. In this way I early became familiar with the geography of the world, simply by reading. To read of a place, and at the same time know its location and relation to other points, creates a desire for seeing such places. This was especially true of me as it related to

the points of interest in Bible lands. I had a longing to see the land of the Sacred Story.

An opportunity came for me to put into execution a long-cherished purpose. Brother D. L. Miller, who had traveled much abroad, had decided, accompanied by his wife, to revisit certain parts of the Old World, and then go on to India. A few had arranged to accompany him as far as Palestine and Egypt. This was my opportunity. Everything in the office relating to my department had to be arranged for my absence of at least five months. Then, there were the home, wife and children. Etta had just been married, James was to be married about the time I was to sail, and George, the older son, was in Chicago. This left only the two to remain at home, with such company as had been arranged for. Money was provided, the necessary passport secured, my grip was packed and I was

Off for the Old World

To me an ocean voyage was delightful. It afforded a rest—the first good rest that I had enjoyed for years. I could read, meditate, sleep or promenade the deck of the great vessel. Seasickness, even when the ship rolled and pitched in stormy weather, did not disturb me in the least. A few days in England, mostly in London, were full of interest. One day, walking in front of Buckingham Palace, I approached the soldier who was guarding the entrance to the royal and finely-ornamented grounds surrounding the historic palace. I told him where I was from, and asked permission to

enter the grounds and pluck a few leaves as souvenirs. "We put people in jail for doing things of that sort," was his response. I told him that he would not have the privilege of putting me in jail, for I would not think of entering the royal enclosure without permission. An officer hearing our conversation, came up, and I repeated what I had told the guard. "All right," said he, "walk in and help yourself."

While here it was convenient to see Paris before starting north for Denmark and Sweden. We crossed the Strait of Dover after night in a storm. This was the most stormy voyage that I ever experienced. Nearly everybody got seasick. Two days were all that could be devoted to Paris. We ought to have had two weeks. Even two months would have been short enough for a city so full of historic interest. The numerous monuments and memorial buildings, erected in his honor, along with royal palaces and royal grounds, indicated in unmistakable terms that Napoleon Bonaparte was the idol of France. The man of destiny, the man of war, had certainly left his impression on cities, towns and hamlets.

Starting from Southampton, England, we made our way to Denmark and Sweden—lovely lands, full of industrious people. Our company here consisted of D. L. Miller and wife, Christian Hope, W. E. Roop, May Oller, and a nephew, George Metsger. In the homes of the simple-minded people I slept and ate some of my meals. I was with them in religious services, and near midnight officiated in a love feast. Just before the feast the elder of the congregation came

to me, saying: "Brother Moore, everything is ready, but we forgot about baking some communion bread, and now we do not know what to do." I told him that was unfortunate, and a like mistake should be guarded against in the future. However, I told him that if he would bring me a loaf of bread and a sharp knife, I would help them out for this time. The bread in Europe is quite firm. I sliced off several thin pieces and cut these into as long strips as the size of the slices would permit. Thus provided, as an emergency, the feast was celebrated with leavened bread.

From Rome to Damascus

Leaving Brother Hope behind, a railroad trip through Germany and Austria, with a few stops, brought us to the city of Rome, which as an active religious center is one of the most famous cities in the world. Here one finds more ruins and more ancient buildings than in any other place in Europe. The palaces of the emperors, the Coliseum and the Forum must have been immense structures, costing millions upon millions of dollars. What a Mecca this is for the historian! There are still great structures like St. Peter's and the Vatican. I did not get to see the pope, but I spent hours visiting nearly every part of the Vatican. I went down into the catacombs, explored the great underground city of the dead, walked the Appian Way, and stood upon the elevation near the site of the Three Taverns, from which Paul got his first glimpse of the great city. A view of Rome from

this elevation, when the city was in its glory, must have been grand beyond description.

In Rome I spent hours on what is known as the Palatine Hill, an elevation nearly one mile in circumference, and near one hundred feet high. During the

At the Judgment Bar of Cæsar

palmy days of the city, the hill was practically sur-

rounded by buildings reaching from the marble pavement to the summit, and constructed in such a manner as to back against the hill, and thus form a wall around the hill. On this hill stood the marble, ivory and golden palaces of the distinguished emperors, who from this costly center ruled the entire civilized part of the world. Here lived the men who reveled in wealth, power and wickedness. As I walked the once-gilded halls, still grand even in ruins, I thought, "How the great have fallen!" From the top of the hills I looked down into the valley, upon the ruins of the grand temples, memorial arches, public halls, and pleasure structures. Gazing upon these marks of greatness, I could understand how the glory of the great Babylon of earth had departed. While on the hill, I paused, with Brother D. L. Miller at my side, and there we had our photograph taken as we stood at what little was left of the costly judgment bar of Cæsar. We stood there, not to be judged by the men who once presided there in royal splendor, but to pass our judgment on the acts of men, small or great, who lived and reigned without God in their hearts, and then died without the shadow of hope in the great beyond.

Another move by rail and water, with a stop at Naples and Pompeii, brought us into Greece, past the ruins of Corinth and on to Athens. No man can understand the history of Greece without studying the ruins standing around about Athens. Here was once the world's greatest center of fine literature, but now one looks upon more ruins than upon evidences of learning. Just how a great city could be developed into a per-

fect gem of art, and then sink into ruins, is one of the problems that must be charged up to the imperfection of the human race.

While this story may have a thread of history running all through it, still we are not writing history. So we went on, employing both water and rail, viewing Smyrna, looking upon the ruins of Ephesus and other points of interest, until Beirut was passed, and from the eastern slope of Mount Lebanon we looked down upon Damascus, said to be one of the oldest, if not the oldest city in the world, and the paradise of the desert. With the right kind of government it might easily be made the paradise of the world. It has the soil, the climate and water power to make of it the ideal city for health, happiness and prosperity. It has been the waiting station for many of the most renowned kings, warriors and armies for which the Eastern world has been noted. To visit a city like this and then study its history on the spot is equal to a year in one of the best schools in the East.

When I was ushered into a large room in the Grand Hotel Besraoni, I was told by the clerk that I could have the room only a few days, for, said he, the kaiser, the emperor of Germany, will be here next week, and this room is to be occupied by him." At that time it might have been considered an honor to spend a night or two in the room used by the emperor of a great nation, and to have slept in the bed he had occupied, but in this case it was just the other way. I got the use of the room first, and as for the missed honor, the way matters now stand I am better off

than the kaiser. I can travel about the country as much as I please, and that is more than he can do. It is a long lane that has no turn.

In Palestine and Egypt

Early Thursday morning, Nov. 3, 1898, began a new experience for me. It was to be a horseback ride through Palestine and a tent life for ten days. In early life I had become accustomed to horseback riding. I rested as comfortably in the saddle as I could rest in a buggy. But tent life was something new. Besides, we were to spend days passing through a section of country infested with robbers. The dragoman, who had conducted a number of parties over the same route and thoroughly understood the conditions, kept a sharp lookout for prowling Arabs. Each night he hired a soldier or two from some near-by village to stand guard over the camp and the horses. Including servants, our company numbered one dozen, and there were nine horses and mules. One night, about midnight, bang went a gun near my tent. For a few minutes there was quite a stir in camp, men running and horses stamping. I remained quiet, feeling confident that our dragoman was in a position to cope with the conditions. A few days later he told me that a thief attempted to enter our tents and was shot at by one of the guides.

On this horseback trip I did an unwise thing, something that I would not do again should I make a second trip. Into a belt made of shammy skin, which I wore

under my clothing, I had sewed about $250 in Danish gold. This money I carried on my person all the way from Denmark to Jerusalem. I also had my letter of credit, on which I could draw, and still I felt that I should have some gold with me, for French, English and Danish gold stands at par in any part of the Near East. Had some of the robbers along our line suspected that our party was carrying several hundred dollars in gold, we would never have reached Jerusalem with that money. They might not have taken our lives, but they would, at least, have held us up and helped themselves to all the valuables we possessed.

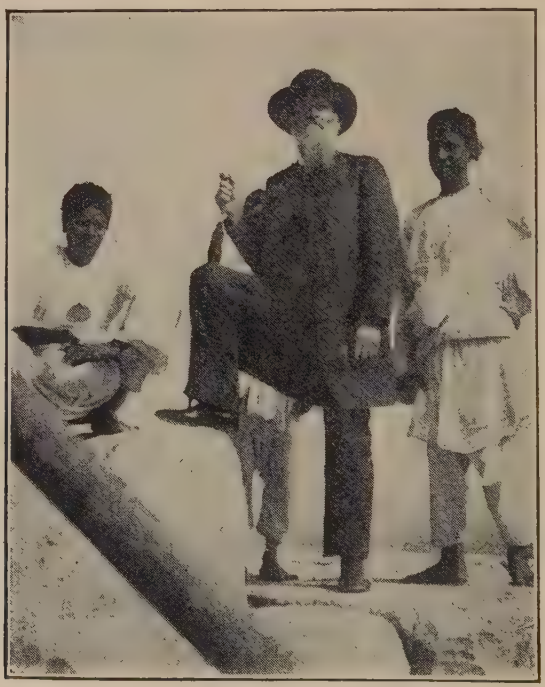
It was on the 12th day of November, near noon, that I sat upon my horse, a little north of the site of ancient Bethel, and took my first look at Jerusalem. When a boy, twelve years old, living in Missouri, I had read my first short account of the city. Since then I had read practically everything that I could get hold of relating to the history and description of the city of the Great King. I had studied map after map, setting forth the plan of the city and the careful reports of travelers who had visited the place. I had read and studied so much about Jerusalem that it seemed to me I knew every leading street, every hill and valley, the location of the walls, as well as the gates, and would feel at home should I ever be so fortunate as to visit the city. All these years I had longed to look upon this sacred place. Far to the south, I could see her domes and steeples. Off to the east, crowned by lofty towers, stood the long Mount of

Olives, just as I had pictured it in my mind. Glancing farther to the east, I had a fine view of the Jordan valley and the north end of the Dead Sea. Everything seemed so familiar. The men who wrote the Bible surely understood the land. Late in the afternoon we rode into the city, where we met Brother and Sister D. L. Miller, who had parted from our company at Smyrna.

During the few weeks that I spent in the city, during which time I visited a number of points of interest in this part of Palestine, I gained more information about Jerusalem and the Holy Land than I had learned in all my reading. And yet, it was the reading that had prepared me to take in the situation at a glance. So profoundly interested did I become in everything that had the touch of antiquity about it that I could have spent years here studying the history, topography and the possibilities of the city and the surrounding country. Still I came away feeling that the help received more than compensated me for the time and money required for the trip. From that day to this, the Bible has been a new Book to me.

A few days later I was in Egypt, studying the ruins in the Nile Valley. Historically speaking, this is the most interesting section on earth. Here may be found ruins of marvelous buildings antedating all known history, showing that a high state of civilization had existed in the valley even before Abraham entered Egypt. One day, in company with others, I went to the western limit of the valley, several miles from the river, ascended the ridge, a hundred or more feet high,

which marks the beginning of the great desert, and stood in front of the largest of a group of pyramids that occupied this part of the ridge. This large pyramid, built of huge stone, covers thirteen acres and is 450 feet high. For fifty cents I hired a few nimble Arabs to assist me in my climb, and by taking it slowly I reached the top of the lofty structure without any special inconvenience. Here I stood, 450 feet above



Standing on the Top of the Great Pyramid

the stone ledge upon which the pyramid rested, and probably 600 feet above the Nile Valley, looking down upon millenniums in point of time, beholding the scene of empires that rose and fell almost without number, and viewing the works of a civilization that vanished from the earth long before the dawn of history. Far below me and to the south rested the great Sphinx, having the head of a man and the body of an animal, that had for ages been looking out over the valley, but had remained a mystery as marvelous as this pyramid on which I was standing. Wrapped up in these two silent structures are volumes of history, and yet no man living can read a word of the strange story which they represent. I came away thinking how little we know of the past.

A few days later I was on the Mediterranean Sea, and a week or so later in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean in a storm. The wind blew, the waves ran high and our vessel rolled and plunged. Nearly all the passengers were sick. I never missed a meal. Christmas came, and I was still far out on the great deep. Finally the Goddess of Liberty appeared in view. I saw the stars and stripes waving over the most favored land beneath the sun. I was soon walking the streets of the metropolis of the Western Continent, and two days later, with a grateful heart and thanking God for his care over me in all my travels, I entered the home from which I had departed five months before. To the family, at first sight, however, I did not seem natural, for while at Jerusalem I had written my wife that I had left my razor at home and that my upper lip

had proved to be far more fertile than the top of my head. The unanimous vote of the family recommended the razor, and this ends the story of my trip to the Old World.

At Elgin

In less than one year after my return from the Bible lands, the publishing interests were installed in their own new brick building at Elgin, Ill. To this point moved all those connected with the work of the General Mission Board. A church was organized, a house of worship procured, and soon everything was going along in working order. My family occupied a house that we had built for our own special use. This was the best house in which we ever lived, and it was there, surrounded by my books, that I did some of my most satisfactory work.

Being a member of the committee, entrusted with securing a better location than Mount Morris for the publishing interests, I had some part in selecting Elgin for that purpose. Our committee had visited different points in Illinois and Indiana, but none of them seemed to strike us just right. For years I had been on intimate terms with Dr. Peter Fahrney. One day, when I chanced to be in his home in Chicago, I told him about the purpose of the General Mission Board to move the publishing interests to a more advantageous point, not too far from Chicago, if a satisfactory place could be found, the aim being to secure better mailing and shipping facilities. He said, "Have your commit-

tee take a look at Elgin, and I think they can find what they want there." He further added that David C. Cook thought Elgin to be a good point for his publishing plant, and that he had a pretty good eye for business. Sure enough, our committee did take a look at Elgin, and was not long in deciding in favor of the place. The final action, however, which settled the matter, took place in the Windsor Hotel, Chicago, in the afternoon of Feb. 2, 1899.

It has always been my lot in life to be overrun with work by spells, and one of these spells—a rather long one—came to me soon after the publishing plant was located at Elgin. For several years I had five churches to look after in addition to my regular office work, and some of them required more than ordinary attention. I was also carrying on a large correspondence with leading brethren in various parts of the Brotherhood, and preaching from one to two sermons every Sunday. The House, however, furnished me with a stenographer, and this is what helped me out. Much of this time I was chairman of the Gish Fund Committee, and had much to do in selecting the books provided for our ministers. My time was so completely taken up with these and other things that just had to be done that I could find no opportunity to read carefully such books as every live editor should read. While scores of books came to my desk, I had to rush through them on the hop, jump and skip plan—especially the skip.

In the midst of these strenuous labors I was called to Hudson, Ill., to conduct the funeral services of

Sister Mattie A. Lear, and accompanied the remains to Mayview, near Urbana, and then conducted further services in a church that I painted when quite a young man. Later I was asked to come to Chicago to preach the funeral of Dr. Peter Fahrney, millionaire. I may have attended funerals where there were more people, but for evidences of wealth, the presence of leading business men and the number of carriages in the procession, this excelled anything that I had ever witnessed. And still later a telegram called me to the vicinity of Roanoke, Ill., to conduct the funeral services of the teacher who had kept me in at recess for climbing the cherry tree when I was a small school lad. While she was worrying her brains over the problem of getting me interested in my school studies, she never dreamed that one day in the years to come I would, in the presence of hundreds, stand by her open grave and say the last words to be uttered before her lifeless form would be entrusted to mother earth.

Books and Bethany

But one at a time the extra burdens went to others, and I felt free to do some helpful reading, and this paved the way for a bit of thinking and planning that led up to other lines. When the spell was on me—for men do much of their most efficient things by spells—I fell into the habit of writing certain articles which were published under the heading "Our Saturday Night." These articles were always admired by my wife. One day she suggested that I assemble and

publish them in book form. I told her that the sales would not be sufficient to pay expenses. She told me to bring out the book, and if the demand for the book did not meet expenses she would stand good for the balance. In due time the book was offered as a premium with the *Messenger* and about ten thousand copies were disposed of. Of course, it paid expenses, and more.

After this was off my hands I did a good deal of thinking about a book on New Testament Doctrines. Finally, I jotted down about one hundred subjects that I thought should be treated in such a work. In the spring of 1914 I began on the book, and when the time came to start to the Conference at Seattle, Wash., June 13, I had thirty chapters completed. After my return from Conference I devoted such hours to the book as could be spared from my office work. I wrote rapidly, only a few hours at a time, however, and by Sept. 21 the manuscript was ready for the printers. My notes, in a diary for the year, say that in all about three hundred hours were devoted to this manuscript. Like "Our Saturday Night" the book was offered as a premium with the *Messenger,* and the demand for it was exceedingly brisk from the start. More than ten thousand copies, all that were printed, were disposed of. And later on another edition was brought out by the House.

The next spring I attended at Hershey, Pa., the last Annual Meeting that I was to report for the *Messenger.* I had been writing Conference Notes for years, and always did my best to give the *Messenger* readers

an interesting account of the Meeting from year to year. In former years I sent to the office all such matters by mail, but finally I induced the business manager to permit me to use the wires, costing about one-half cent a word. In this way I could report the news up to within a few hours of going to press. Then, to help along with the Conference work, I conceived the idea of a Conference booklet, and if anything was ever appreciated by the Standing Committee and the delegates, this booklet was. On one occasion the Standing Committee gave me a vote of thanks for placing the Conference matter in such a convenient form for that body, as well as for the Conference itself.

From the very start I became interested in Bethany Bible School, Chicago, and gave the talk at the opening of the school, as well as the dedicatory address for the first of the new buildings erected. For years I had pleaded for a school of this type, a school where the study of the Bible was made the primary purpose. Nothing gave me more pleasure than to run from Elgin to Chicago and deliver, to the Bethany students, talks on the life and labors of such brethren as Alexander Mack, Christopher Sower, D. P. Sayler, James Quinter, George Wolf and others. In fact, the last thing I did in the way of a public service before coming South was to give a Sunday evening address to the students. Much more might be said of incidents here and there, but the end of this story must not be too far away.

Some Observations

In the fall of 1915 the time came for me to close my connection with the *Gospel Messenger*. With several years dropped out here and there in my early experiences, I had been in the editorial chair nearly thirty-nine years, and during all this time I was intrusted with the editorial management. Though my work was imperfect and some of it during the most trying periods ever known in the history of the Church of the Brethren, yet no censure regarding the policy of the paper ever came to me from the Conference or from those by whom I was placed in charge of the responsible work. If ever a man was treated kindly and considerately while in the editorial chair, I was. When I entered the office, in the beginning of my last period of service, in 1891, the circulation of the *Messenger* was a little over 12,000. When I left the chair, the House was printing fully 25,000 copies. The paper had grown in size, efficiency and circulation. From all over the Brotherhood, from the General Mission Board, as well as from those connected with the paper, both in the House and out of it, I could count on just such help and encouragement as a man needs in that line of work.

While connected with the paper, I attended all of the Annual Meetings, and invariably took an active part in the proceedings. Twice, I was on the Standing Committee and three times served the Conference as writing clerk. From the start, I felt at home when serving on the Standing Committee. I was acquainted

with all the leaders, having served with a number of them on other committees, and when we were thrown together at Conference we were by no means strangers. However, to be with the committee in their deliberations now and then proved a great help to me in my editorial work. Here one could feel the pulse of the whole Brotherhood, and in that way become advised regarding the sentiment in each State District. On such occasions it was interesting to listen to well-informed elders who were discussing queries to which the Standing Committee was expected to attach answers. While serving as clerk, my policy was to study the drift of thought, and frame the answer which I thought would pass and have it ready to present at the first opportunity. Usually such answers would go through with very little changing.

In the open Conferences, I probably made more than my share of the speeches that appear in the Full Report. I had an opinion on most points and was not backward about expressing my views. In the larger assemblies my voice—indistinct articulation—was against me, but by talking slowly I could generally make myself heard by the delegates, and I let it go at that. Rather early in my Conference experiences, I got into the habit of offering substitutes for whatever unsatisfactory motions might be before the house. Some of the brethren got to calling me the substitute man. A few said that I went to Conference with my pockets full of substitutes. Of course, this was incorrect. For presenting substitutes, I watched my chances. When the delegates became pretty well di-

vided over the wording of a motion, or when the meeting became tangled up with motions and countermotions, the conditions were then ripe for a carefully-framed substitute. These substitutes were usually prepared while some one was stringing out a long speech. Occasionally they were drafted in my room and held in reserve for the opportune time to be offered. On a certain occasion, when one of our very best moderators was presiding and the meeting became more or less confused by motions, suggestions and speeches pro and con, the moderator stepped to my side, where I was writing, stooped down, and in a low voice said: "Brother Moore, can't you help us out with a substitute?" I had to advise him, for the first time in my life, that I was short on substitutes.

There was never a time when I was not deeply interested in any movement relating to our church activities. When I entered upon my editorial work there was but one school in the Brotherhood and a general scarcity of Sunday-schools. In such times, it requires a little nerve to come squarely out in favor of the educational and other movements. Not only so, but it takes some tact to advocate such movements without breaking with those opposing them. It was along this line that I tried to do some of my best work. During this period the missionary movement came to the front, and then the turning of the publishing interests over to the Brotherhood, to be owned and controlled by the General Mission Board. There arose a movement to bring the schools more directly under the control of the churches, as well as a demand for

a Sunday School Board. Other movements were set in motion. All of these, even in their incipiency, had to be carefully studied by the *Messenger* management, and there were very few, if any, of these plans that I did not have something to do with before they appeared in print. The man who handled the *Messenger* in those periods of marvelous expansion had to acquaint himself with the alpha and omega of every general movement, or else often lose his bearing when live issues were pending.

Active church workers while on the Conference grounds had their ways to bring about results, and I had mine. But I never lobbied, either on the Conference premises or off it. This method of carrying a point in religion always struck me as dishonorable. Still, I took a personal interest in the make-up of the boards created to serve the Brotherhood at large. I was always ready to suggest names for most of the boards. More than once have I handed to a leading member of the Standing Committee names for a certain board to be appointed. On different occasions, when the Conference decided in favor of appointing a board for some special work, I have passed to the reading clerk a paper containing names for the proposed board, and then had the satisfaction of hearing the names read off and the board confirmed. Once, when alone with the reading clerk, I apologized for my freedom in this particular. But he relieved my feelings by telling me that such efforts were appreciated, and that I need not hesitate about making any suggestions that I thought proper.

It fell to my lot to furnish much information, relating to our church and her work, for encyclopedias and other publications. Along this line, for my use, I kept stored away quite an assortment of information from which I could draw in case of necessity. I had scores of leading brethren write out biographical sketches of themselves and leave the same in my care. These sketches I kept stored away in the fireproof vault of the House. On receiving a telegram, notifying me of the death of one of these brethren, I could, by the aid of the matter left in my keeping, write up an early biographical sketch for the *Messenger*.

My heavy correspondence kept me in touch with leading thinkers in many parts of the Brotherhood. These letters dealt with every question or movement that concerned our people. Questions relating to every shade of church doctrine, church policy, and church usages, came up for consideration. In the Brotherhood were conflicting elements. These demanded the most careful attention. The letters written ran up into the thousands, and in my files I kept copies of all of them. For future use, I would like to have preserved some of this correspondence, but that was not to be.

My Closing Words

But to all things there is an end, and my long and busy career as editor came to a close. I had collected quite a library. In my collection, I had a copy of nearly every book, pamphlet and tract published by the

Brethren. My paper files were not quite complete, but the files of other things were nearly so. It pained my heart to have my splendid library broken up. I was not in a position to move it intact. In my files were hundreds of private letters never intended for the public eye, that would have made a bit of interesting history. The pile was too bulky to move, and I did not have time to sort out the communications and preserve those of historic value, so bushels of letters were committed to the flames.

And now, with only part of my library and some of the records that have been preserved, I am spending a rather quiet, and yet a busy life, in a beautiful town by the side of a charming lake in the genial clime of Florida. The location is nearly two hundred miles south of Keuka, where we formerly had our Southern home. Here in a cozy little bungalow, practically surrounded by bearing orange, grapefruit and other trees, wife and I are enjoying some of the good things of the land. From our trees we can pluck ripe fruit every week in the year.

To the little town of Sebring we came in the month of April, 1916. It was then quite small, the location having been a dense woods a few years before, without any railroad or other mark of civilization. Over these grounds men hunted the deer, the bear and the wild turkey. When we moved into our little cottage there was not a member in or near the town. This remained the condition the summer through, and still, with the help of some, who had planned to locate, and a few others, we built a little chapel, the neatest place

Church of the Brethren, Sebring, Fla.

of worship in town, and had it ready for services, when more than a score of members came later in the season, most of them to spend the winter months only.

Since then the town has grown, and so has the church. The little chapel proved too small, and now we have a commodious building that should prove a credit to any town. The facilities for all the church activities are of the best. We live in the midst of a body of devout members, and feel perfectly at home among them. Scores of members come here to spend the winter months, among them more than a dozen ministers. Some of them have splendid homes with delightful surroundings. So here we live and worship the God of heaven, while enjoying the uplifting associations of those of like precious faith.

"The years, however, have come and the years are going
but by and by,
When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
And the saved of earth shall gather on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

AN APPRECIATION

When it became known that I was to close my connection with the *Messenger* some interesting and helpful things were said about my work. Nothing, however, touched my heart like the vote of thanks, at the close of the 1915 Conference at Hershey, Pa., when five thousand, or more, people expressed themselves by a rising vote. I was all wrapped up in my work, loved the *Messenger* sanctum almost as I loved my home, and even cherished a feeling that I might possibly be permitted to die in the harness. An expression like this vote of thanks made it only the more touching for me to lay aside my editorial pen.

With Brother D. L. Miller, as senior editor, I had been associated a number of years. We had stood and worked together during some of the most testing periods in the history of the Brotherhood. Between us hundreds of letters had passed. It made no difference by how many miles we were separated, the letters kept going and coming. Concerning my leaving the *Messenger* his article filled more than a page, and in it were some touching paragraphs. Brother H. C. Early, president of the General Mission Board, contributed an article for which I felt exceedingly grateful, and for that reason I take the liberty of inserting it here at the close of my story. While it may inspire some of the young people who read this volume, it may also interest a few of the older ones.

Elder J. H. Moore as Office Editor

The office editor of the Gospel Messenger sustains a closer relation to the Brotherhood, as a whole, than any other man. It is upon his thought that practically the whole church feeds once a week, to say nothing of the many outside of our church who read his editorials weekly. From the editorial point of view, he is pastor-in-chief of the whole church. His retiring from the Gospel Messenger, therefore, vitally affects the entire Brotherhood, consequently, it is fitting that a word should be said.

As an Editor.—Brother Moore was born with the most pronounced editorial instincts, which, under training and almost constant service for nearly forty years, became the most acute and reliable, and which inclined him to the pen and editorial work early in life. He never had the advantage of training in the school-room, though no one would ever think of classing him with the uneducated. He educated himself—self-made, as men say. His life shows what a boy with grit and purpose can do for himself. He has always been a close student of men and affairs, as well as of books, though it may be said, I think, that he gets much of his knowledge, if not the most of it, from sources never written by the hand of man. He is an apt reader of the unwritten. He takes as readily to the study of men and conditions as to the air he breathes. He has the quickest understanding of men, and the trend of things, marvelous ability in comprehending situations, and the greatest skill in forecasting future developments. He comprehends a situation as if by intuition. In these respects he has few equals, if any, among his own people. Here he stands as a master, and herein lies his ability as an editor.

As a Writer.—Brother Moore is a clear and forceful thinker; always interesting, independent, original—at least as this term is applied to men. His style is all his own. He is always clear, never leaving the reader in doubt as to his meaning. He goes straight to the point, laying the subject bare in a few simple words. He does not always write on things profound, for he is much given to the practical things of life, and deals with the practical side of Christianity, but he has the rarest ability to think and write on abstruse subjects in a simple way, so that even the most unlearned grasp his thought. His writings show the fertility and strength of the English language, expressing the most intricate thought in simple words, as few writers are able to do. His sentences

are mostly short, containing a single subject and predicate, and made up of simple, easy words. In this respect he is the John Bunyan of the Church of the Brethren. "Pilgrim's Progress" is a monument unsurpassed in the strength and beauty and simplicity of good English.

Brother Moore's instinct to know men, and his ability to comprehend situations, with their probable trend of development, make him the consummate diplomat that he is. Add to this his thorough knowledge of the peculiar genius of the people whom he has served for so many years, born of experience, his church patriotism, and his skill in writing up conditions in the plainest, most convincing and appealing manner, and his editorial career is made plain. And it is indeed an enviable career.

His Place and Work.—Brother Moore appeared on the scene at a critical time in the church's history, and lived during her years of unprecedented expansion. It was in the early years of his manhood and church service that the unhappy conditions of division obtained in the church, which culminated in the early eighties, and which left the little Church of the Brethren torn and bleeding. During these heated years men became excited, some of them speaking bitter words and doing rash deeds, in fact, losing their heads. But Brother Moore was always among the cool and deliberate ones. His attitude was always conciliatory. He labored to maintain union, and has strenuously held this position throughout his editorial career. From his earliest public life he has been regarded as a leader. He has ranked with the leaders in the church, and here he stands today. This is his place.

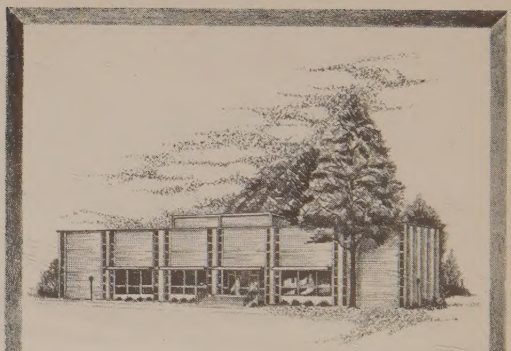
During the period of Brother Moore's editorial career, our present great church activities have sprung up. Within the last forty years our present Sunday-school system has been worked out. Thirty-nine years ago the first Brethren college began that was able to maintain itself. Thirty-one years ago our present general missionary system was organized. These great institutions have all sprung up within the last forty years in their present form. They have grown gloriously. And it was a great privilege to edit the church paper during this period of expansion. This rare opportunity fell to Brother Moore. And he labored to make himself equal to the hour, for it was a great hour. He, with others, blazed the way, and advocated these things as wisdom dictated, but never at the cost of breaking with those whom he labored to serve. Here is the fine point of leadership.

He is an unwise leader who runs recklessly on to the point of breaking with his clientage. At this point Brother Moore has probably shown his greatest wisdom.

The Gospel Messenger does more, no doubt, to shape the thought of the church than any other agency. It has done much to maintain unity of thought and aim. It has discouraged division at every turn. It has kept well abreast of the best thought of the membership; in fact, it has been a leader of thought and an educator, despite the fact that it is supposed to speak within the range of Conference action. Moreover, it has been even the teacher of Conference. And it stands for every Christian grace and virtue This is the work and place of the Gospel Messenger, and a comprehension of it gives the best understanding of the work of its office editor. You see what vision and wisdom and statesmanship it requires. The field is worthy of the best brain and heart in the church. And a glance backward over the last quarter of a century, will show how Brother Moore has succeeded. He has shown wisdom and statesmanship, faithfulness and honor, forbearance and high Christian character.

I can hardly close these notes without reference to a certain class of correspondence that the office editor must carry. It is the correspondence seeking advice and counsel. Numberless letters of this class raise all kinds of questions. They involve the interpretation of Scripture, church government, traditions and customs, expediencies, and advice in the settlement of difficulties, etc. In such matters Brother Moore has the rarest skill, and it is here that the rarest skill is required. Hundreds, over the Brotherhood, could bear testimony to the help received at his hands by private correspondence. I am one to say that some of my most interesting correspondence, for the last twenty years, has been with him, to say nothing of the interest that there has been, in his handling manuscript for me for nearly twice that period.

And now, as Brother Moore retires from the Gospel Messenger, his long and successful editorial career brought to a close, he goes with the benediction of the people, whom he has served, upon his head, and all unite in the prayer that our God and Father, whose servant he is, will bless his remaining years, and grant unto him an abundant entrance into the kingdom of the redeemed at the last day. Amen.



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